THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JUNE, 1815.

VOL. XIII.

The Seventy-eighth Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS. PAGE

1. FRONTISPIECE.
2. VIEW OF THE TOWN-HALL, SOUTHWARK 339
3. LADIES' BALL DRESS 366
4. ——— CARRIAGE DRESS . . . . ib.
5. THE VIOLET 368
6. PATTERNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Conversations on the Arts, by *Juninus* 311
Cogitations of Scriblerus, No. XV. 315
Biography of Captain John Smith . 319
Predicted Destruction of Paris . 325
The Modern Spectator, No. LI. . 328
The Eleventh Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Spring-Gardens 333
Exhibition of the Royal Academy 334
Exhibition of Paintings by the Flemish and Dutch Masters at the British Institution, Pall-Mall . 339
The Town-Hall, Southwark . . ib.
Intelligence Literary, Scientific, &c. 340
Musical Review. — Monro's Seraphina—Monro's Albion—Hook's "Nancy's Bower"—Parke's The Minstrel's Serenade — Clarke's "Merrily, merrily bounds the Bark"—Kalkbrenner's Andante —Corri's Three Italian Ariettas 345
Retrospect of Politics. — Italy — France--Germany and the Grand Alliance--United States--Domestic and Miscellaneous Intelligence 348
Some Account of Francesco Bartolozzi, by William Carey . . 356
Agricultural Report 366
Fashions for Ladies . . . . . ib.
Poetry 367
Meteorological Table—London . 369
Prices of Shares . . . . ib.
Prices of Stocks 370
Index.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The Proprietor of the Repository respectfully informs his readers, that, with a view to the farther improvement of the work, and to render it still more worthy of the patronage bestowed on it, he shall close the present Series at the end of the Fourteenth Volume, and commence a new one, with some alterations in the plan, of which due notice will be given.

We can assure our correspondent J. C. *of* Glasgow, *that we are extremely mortified to hear of his disappointment, and the more so, as the pieces in question were positively delivered last month for insertion to the printer, who thought fit to substitute some of older date: hence the apparent contradiction in the notice to him in our last address, which was put to press before it could be rectified.*

The Hints respecting the Regulation of Weights *are not exactly adapted to our work; but if the writer has no objection, we will hand them over to the editor of a highly respectable Miscellany, to whom they will be acceptable.*

Our friend the Amateur *will perceive that his last packet of Fragments is received.*

Stella *has no occasion to fear our frowns. Our pages will be always open to her contributions.*

The Bard's Lament, *and* Lines addressed to the Hon. Miss Lovelace, *shall have an early place.*

Directions to the Binder for placing the Plates in the

THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

NO.		PAGE
	1. Frontispiece	
LXXIII.	2. View of St. Luke's Hospital	40
	3. Library Window-Curtain	55
	4. Ladies' Full Dress	56
	5. ——— Evening Dress	*ib.*
	6. Patterns of British Manufactures	57
LXXIV.	7. View of St. Martin's in the Fields	94
	8. Ladies' Morning Dress	119
	9. ——— Evening Dress	*ib.*
	10. French Cottage Bed	120
	11. Patterns for Needle-work.	
LXXV.	12. View of Stratford-Place	157
	13. Drawing-Room Window-Curtains	179
	14. Ladies' Walking Dress	181
	15. ——— Morning Dress	*ib.*
	16. Patterns for Needle-work.	
LXXVI.	17. Maze or Labyrinth near Hull	193
	18. French Sofa	239
	19. View of Portland-Place	240
	20. Ladies' Evening Dress	241
	21. ——— Morning Dress	*ib.*
	22. Patterns for Needle-work.	
LXXVII.	23. Meteorological Chart for 1814	253
	24. French Bed-Chamber	295
	25. Ladies' Walking-Dress	297
	26. ——— Evening-Dress	*ib.*
	27. Patterns of British Manufactures	298
LXXVIII.	28. View of the Town-Hall, Southwark	339
	29. Ladies' Ball-Dress	366
	30. ——— Carriage-Dress	*ib.*
	31. The Violet	368
	32. Patterns for Needle-work.	

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 253.)

MISS EVE. Did Francis Perrier become a very eminent painter?

Miss *K.* Yes: he excelled in history and landscape; and died a member of the French Academy, at the age of 60, in 1650, which is the year in which the famous Duke of Marlborough was born.

Miss *Eve.* That great general was born not only in the middle of the century, but in the middle of the summer—on midsummer-day. You and I must soon view together the works of Titian at Blenheim, his celebrated seat.

Oil-painting, letter and rolling press printing were first practised, it is said, in the 15th century; and the first print-shop was opened about that time.

Miss *K.* A neighbour of Jane Shore, named Thomas Geele, who lived at the sign of the Dagger in Lombard-street, is said to have been the first print-seller in London.

Miss *Eve.* I was lately at Windsor Castle, and viewed the collection of pictures there. The old woman who shewed them, when she came to the Two Misers by Quintin Matsys, described it as "painted by Squintin Matsys, the famous blacksmith of Antwerp: he fell in love with a painter's daughter; her father would not let her marry any but a painter; he studied the art, painted this picture, and married the painter's daughter." This story she kept repeating to every company that came. This blacksmith's passion most likely made his studies peculiarly pleasant, and his life pass away merrily. The Scripture says, that when Jacob served Laban seven years for the beauteous Rachel, he loved her so, that the time seemed but as a few days. Those who marry for love can repose sweetly on a truss of hay. I admire the girl's sentiment in the well known Scotch song:—

A painted room and a silken bed
May please a Lowland laird and lady,
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush with my Highland laddie.

What person was born in the 15th century, do you recollect, remarkable for literature?

Miss *K*. I recollect a few of the male sex, but none of ours. From the subversion of the Roman empire to the 14th or 15th century, women were very domestic; they spent the greatest part of their time alone, were almost entire strangers to all the pleasures of social life, and seldom went abroad but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashion of the times countenanced. The gallant Francis I. of France, about 1520, was the first who introduced women on public days at court. Before that time nothing was to be seen at any court of Europe but grey-headed politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armour, ready to put their plots in execution. In the 13th and 14th centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was scarcely considered as laudable; the use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of our sex, in those days, wore woollen next to their skin. In the 16th century, in the reign of our Henry VIII. peers of the realm brought their wives behind them on horseback when they came to town, and took them back to their country-seats in the same manner (coaches not being used till the reign of Elizabeth), with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles to protect them from the cold. In Paris, during the reign of Francis I. to ride in a two-wheel cart was reckoned a luxury of so enviable a nature, that he prohibited citizens' wives from enjoying it. At that time also wine was not to be had except at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial.

But you asked what eminent men were born in the 15th century. Here is a list of some of them.

Miss *Eve*. Was not John Colet, whose name appears in it, the founder of St. Paul's grammar-school in St. Paul's church-yard, where Milton received the early part of his education?

Miss *K*. Yes; he was Dean of St. Paul's cathedral, the eldest son of Sir Henry Colet, who was twice lord mayor; born in the parish of St. Antonine, or St. Antholine, in 1466; died of the sweating sickness, 1519; and was buried at the north side of the choir of St. Paul's.

Miss *Eve*. I think there was an eagle upon old St. Paul's, as there is now a dragon on Bow church, Cheapside?

Miss *K*. Yes; and what is remarkable, it was blown off by the wind, and fell on the sign of the Eagle, where St. Paul's school was afterwards erected, and one eagle knocked the other to the ground. This was looked upon with a kind of horror, as portentous, in that superstitious age.

Miss *Eve*. It is remarkable, that Cranmer, More, Cromwell, and Wolsey, who contributed so much to the Reformation, should all have the Christian name of Thomas. It is said, that a Roman Catholic once asked a Protestant, where his religion was before the year 1520?

when Martin Luther commenced the work of reformation. The latter replied with the question, "Where was your face this morning before it was washed?" But, as I observed before, I do not like to make observations that reflect upon any religious persuasion.

The Christians sustained a great loss in the 15th century by the conquest of Constantinople.

Miss *K*. Yes; in 1453, Mahomet II. invested that capital with an army of 100,000 men, and, after a siege of 54 days, took it by assault, and put an end to the Greek or Eastern empire.

Miss *Eve*. It is remarkable, that Constantine, the son of Helena, was the first, and that Constantine, the son of Helena, was the last sovereign of the Eastern empire. The Turks, I think, date from their Hegira.

Miss *K*. Yes; which was the year of the flight of Mahomet from Mecca. Their Hegira corresponds with the 622d year of Christ. Mahomet died in the 632d year of the Christian era.

Miss *Eve*. That drawing in the port-folio is very expressive. It seems equal to Raphael's cartoon of *Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind*.

Miss *K*. It is a drawing of *Lazarillo and his Master, the Old Blind Beggar*, from the celebrated Spanish novel of *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

Here is *Ulysses returning Home with the Herdsman*.

Miss *Eve*. Yes; and the old dog wagging his tail. Few artists could accomplish this.

Miss *K*. I have not made him wag his tail, only seem to do it.

Miss *Eve*. I mean, not many could give such an idea of motion —but you are peculiarly characteristic; your boats are buoyant, and even if you draw such a trifle as a post-chaise, the wheels turn round, and it spins along with such character and celerity!

Miss *K*. Here is the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, and his Daughter Betsey*.

Miss *Eve*. Yes, the beauteous Betsey and the little dog with the bell about his neck, I remember this celebrated ballad. Over it is written—

> The rarest old ballad that ever was seen,
> Of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.

There is still a public-house called the Blind Beggar upon Bethnal Green itself, not far from Mile-End turnpike, to the east of the sign of Jane Shore in Shoreditch. I think it is said, that the false Mrs. Milwood, who seduced George Barnwell, lived in Shoreditch?

Miss *K*. Yes; the ballad says, that she lived in Shoreditch, next door to the sign of the Gun, but where that was I do not know.

Miss *Eve*. Lillo's plays are of a domestic nature, and very affecting.

Miss *K*. Here is a drawing of the *London Prentice*. This is here by mistake. There is a well-known sign of this at a public-house to the west of Shoreditch, near the Curtain, so called because the first curtain used at a theatre in England was here exhibited.

Miss *Eve*. Near this spot is the ancient spring of St. Agnes le Clair, now used as a cold bath for ladies. Cold bathing contributes much to health, and braces the nerves.

Miss *K*. Do you ever use this cold bath, Miss Eve?

Miss *Eve.* No; I have been there with some ladies. I have several times privately exhibited, if I may so say, this frame of mine, like a fish in a cistern, at the warm bath St. Mary Axe. It opens the pores, and makes one so free from dust in summer, that it conduces much to health and pleasure. The Jewish law recommends frequent ablutions.

There are many excellent springs in London. The other day, I read an inscription on a pump at the bottom of Clerkenwell Green, which says, that the water there is excellent, and was in former ages much esteemed by the prior and brethren of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Benedictine nuns in that neighbourhood; and that the parish clerks of London, several centuries ago, on that spot acted divine plays, from which circumstance the parish is called Clerks' Well, or Clerkenwell.

Miss *K.* Yes; and the king, queen, royal family, and nobility attended these plays. One of the most celebrated was called *The Creation.*

Miss *Eve.* There are some more beggars in your port-folio.

Miss *K.* I keep designs of the same sort or class together, by which means I can very readily find them. This port-folio looks like Callot's collection of Beggars.

Miss *Eve.* Callot was a very singular genius, and so excellent at expression, that if you look at the smallest faces in his prints through a magnifier, it is wonderful what increased character is apparent. What are Callot's dates?

Miss *K.* James Callot was the son of John C. a herald at arms in Lorraine, and born in 1593, at Nancy. He learned drawing and engraving of Philip Thomassin; died at Nancy, 1635, and was buried at the convent of the Cordeliers in that city, where a magnificent tomb was erected for him by his widow.

Miss *Eve.* You say, that almost all the merit of an engraver may be learned by the judicious contemplation of a single hair of Susan's; the precision of Fiquet, the solidity of Wille, the crispy angles of Bartolozzi, the tone of Doughty, square breadth of touch, the discrimination, gradations, and all the excellencies of the several artists that have distinguished themselves in this department.

Miss *K.* It cannot be expected, that engravers, whose education in the arts is, by the nature of their profession, so confined, should be able to form such extensive ideas of art as those who explore its profound depths: yet there is an inferior praise due to these and other copyists, according as they excel. This confined idea of imitation is the real cause why many artists have not much success. Many who have capacities for great exertions, and many who study at Royal Academies, are by this method tied down all their lives to the deserving of this subordinate praise only. After they have discovered what may be found about a hair, they advance little more than a squirrel, who gallops in a round turning cage, under a continual chime of bells, whose monotonous music seems fame.

JUNINUS.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. XV.

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh;
Her hurried hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride.———SCOTT.

It was at the conclusion of a masked ball, that Mrs. Mandeville as a Sappho, and Sir Harry Dashwood as Phaon, were fatigued with the amusements of the evening, and had retired to a small cabinet (for it was little more) at the east end of the building, to recruit their exhausted strength, and talk over, as they frequently did, any particular circumstances that had occurred, to retail the floating scandal which, passing from lip to lip, gains from each additional malignity. They were unattended, except by a child, a *protégé* of the lovely Mrs. Mandeville, whom she had selected for the exquiste *tournure* of its shape, the sweetness of its voice, and on whom she had expended vast sums to procure for her prodigy talents which might drive away unpleasant ideas, and *while* away the tedium of life. Sir Harry Dashwood was prodigal in his praises of the little pantomimic, who danced before him with peculiar grace, and whose whole appearance very readily assimilated with the god of love. "Ganymede," exclaimed the lovely Mrs. Mandeville in a languid tone, "take the little lyre of my invention, and play that little song which I wrote yesterday, and set to music. I am too diffident to expose myself generally, but Sir Harry will for once suffer my favourite propensity to be gratified. *Allons, mon enfant.*" The docile imp of pleasure struck a prelude, and then with a silver tone accompanied the following words:—

O lady, when you sung that air,
Lady, didst think on me?
And when you sung the lover's care,
Lady, didst sigh for me?

The di'mond tear which gemm'd those eyes,
Might hope to Harold give,
If fiction caused such deep-drawn sighs,
Might truth bid Harold live.

Hope, love, and joy so seldom meet,
Or meet so hard a fate;
The lovelorn heart so seldom greet,
Or greet that heart so late.

Then, lady, when you sung that air,
Lady, didst think on me?
And when you sung the lover's care,
Lady, didst sigh for me?

No one enjoyed the rehearsal of the lady's abilities more than herself. Dashwood, however, overwhelmed her with compliments; nor was the little sylph who sung them uncaressed. The *boudoir* they were in Sir Harry Dashwood had never seen until now, and the elegant simplicity of the arrangement formed a charming contrast to the blaze of splendour he had just quitted. If every decoration he had beheld there was grand and majestic, here reigned the elegantly simple: the walls were hung with pink satin, to match the repose on which they were sitting, panneled in white and brown, and studded with innumerable stars *en suite*. It had but one window, which was half open, and through which the moon darted her pale light; and while

she partially illumined the apartment, her beams were seen also to play upon a stream cut through the lawn, as the wind gently rippled its bosom. Nothing broke the luxurious silence, save the sound of the distant oboe or flageolet from the canoe of a party who were gliding on the river; or the melody of the Æolian harp, which now burst forth in celestial cadences, and now died away as the breeze swept along a grove of poplars.

Mrs. Mandeville was habited in a tight flesh-coloured silk, which covered her whole body; a white tunic, which fell to the knee, left one shoulder and part of her bosom to all appearance bare, and was confined at the breast with a diamond zone; red sandals, bound with gold silk and ornamented with jewels, were affixed to the most beautiful feet imaginable; from one shoulder was suspended a toga of crimson silk lined with white, and fastened with a large clasp of gold. Her hair, of the deepest brown, was parted by a large cameo in the centre, and displayed a forehead of the most dazzling whiteness; her long and shining tresses were tastefully confined by a silver arrow. In her hand she held a lyre, from which she drew forth sounds equal to those of professional ability, and words breathing the complaints of neglect uttered by the Grecian maid. Sir Harry was habited in a corresponding costume; and had he been cold as the summit of the Alpine mountain, the coral lip, the love-darting eye, shaded by brows of the most exact simicircles, her long eyelashes, the dress and luxuriant person of the lovely Mrs. Mandeville, would have thawed him. He looked round— the Ganymede had vanished.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

As yet all had been pleasure; as yet anticipation had not even whispered to her the danger to which she was subjecting herself in Dashwood's company alone. Pride, that often befriends us—pride had till now kept her from falling. She was not, it is true, that kind of woman who thought imprudent conduct *immoral*; but the fear of discovery, for fear of being deserted by the man to whom she should sacrifice her honour, was the bugbear that till now had deterred her from sinning. She had thus meditated:— "Should the man for whom I thus sacrifice my character leave me for another, to whom perhaps he would relate my weakness, would I, could I ever survive it?—Never." Thus when she awoke from this dream of false pleasure, when she was sensible of recollection, she started from the repose in a paroxysm of madness—she stared wildly. —"Have I been that fool?" she exclaimed. "Where am I? Murderer and assassin—" escaped from her quivering lips. She then stood stiffened with horror, and her face became black with passion; articulation was denied her, and strangulation threatened her with instant dissolution. The guilty Dashwood, who expected some little ebullition to be acted on this occasion, was entirely unprepared for this violent *denouement*. Instead of suffering the first ebullition of rage to pass unheeded, or to subside of itself, he endeavoured, after recovering from the most silent and vacant stare possible, to sooth her

by the common professions of eternal constancy; but he had scarcely opened his lips for that purpose, when she rushed towards him, and snatching a poniard which he wore for ornament in his girdle, she buried the weapon in his side. He staggered and fell.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The sun shone into the chamber on the following morning where Sir Harry lay, and darting its rays through the curtains, wakened him from a heavy and confused sleep: but his senses and ideas were enveloped in confusion; all was chaos; he was like one rousing from a fearful dream, who dreads to open his eyes to light, lest he should meet with a dreadful confirmation of its reality. He endeavoured to recall what had past, while at the same time a something bade him forbear the dreadful retrospection. He had a remote idea that some one had attempted his life; he felt to be convinced if this idea was real or imaginary, and placing his hand upon the bandages rolled round him, something like the truth dawned upon him: his tongue cleaved to his mouth, his body was parched and fevered, and he expected to faint every minute. He gasped—recovered — and at length every circumstance of the preceding evening came clearly before him. But debility had conquered every violent passion, and although he neither blamed himself nor the lovely Mrs. Mandeville, he now looked upon her as a fallen angel.

He rang the bell, rose, and threw on his *robe de chambre*, and until some one attended, began to contemplate the chamber in which he had enjoyed so short a repose. The bed from which he had crawled was terminated by a dome, with an immense mirror in the centre; the curtains were of fawn colour, lined with azure blue, and bordered with the lotus, worked in brown upon white; the head was formed of a rich canopy, edged with silken fringe and massy tassels of the same material, mixed with silver; the cornices of the bed were composed of the Roman fasces of bronze and gold, on the centre of which was the bird of Jove, which clutched the arrows; in his beak he held a ring of burnished gold, from which was suspended the classical drapery. A lamp of terra cotta, after the Etruscan, was burning beside him on an antique stand; but the light was nearly extinguished by the power of Phœbus, who, as his rays struck upon the golden furniture, added to its lustre.

Sir Harry Dashwood again became faint: he rose not, however, again to ring his bell, but perceiving a crystal vase near him, he refreshed himself with its cooling contents, and sat in deep cogitation. No one had as yet answered his summons, and once more he mechanically threw his eyes over the apartment. Its pannels were adorned with paintings by the first masters, one of which being immediately before him, he pored over it until he became interested in the subject. The painter had here told the story of Œneus, King of Calydon, surprising the Wood Nymphs in their sports. Unconscious of his presence, they were depicted in the most luxurious disorder: one was lying apart from the rest, exposing her beautiful bosom to the white light of the moon, with her zone unclasped

and open: another, engaged in the dance, had laid bare her left side, and presented a living picture to gazing deities; the clear and brilliant white of her eyes encircled a pupil of most dazzling black: another displayed the elegant bend of her fair arms. One had fastened her robe round her neck, and concealed her bosom, but left her legs at liberty for the dance; while some, weary of exercise, had thrown themselves on banks covered with those flowers that were born of Helen's tears. Dashwood's eyes were particularly directed to one nymph, who, as if fancying she heard the approach of footsteps, was with one hand endeavouring to hide her charms, and with the other preparing to warn her companions. Again he looked at this female; her form was extremely beautiful, and he was convinced the artist had here delineated the lovely Mrs. Mandeville. He now heard the door opened, and Marquard, his valet, entered the apartment. Too refined a courtier to take notice of what had occurred, he waited but to hear his master's orders, and retired. These instructions were to procure a chaise immediately.—Dashwood, disguising his weakness, was crawling after his servant; he had just reached an ante-room almost overcome with exertion. In the house reigned a dead silence—he proceeded, when Mrs. Mandeville appeared. A scene now was played, to which my descriptive powers are too weak to do justice. The lady, whose frame was struggling with a thousand passions, essayed in vain to speak: Dashwood, from similar causes, remained in the same predicament. The once lovely Mrs. Mandeville, once the pride and envy of every female, basking in joy and pleasure, was now an object of pity to the most obscure individual who fed on her bounty. The last relic of virtue was mourning its dying influence; love and desire, infamy and disgrace, were torturing her frame. "Sir Harry Dashwood," she at length stammered, "you are going to leave me, and to leave me in hatred!—Oh, 'tis too much!" she exclaimed, and sunk on a sofa. "Is this," continued she after a long pause—"is this all the return for the esteem, the love I have ever borne you—a love which neither time nor cruelty can ever alter? Too conscious of my own propriety of intention, I have laid myself open to your delusive manners; you fascinated me, and by your coldness have deprived me of the wish to exist. Now this idea is strengthened, for I am become little in my own eyes. Go then, ungrateful man, blazon my shame to an exulting world, and tell it, that you have basked in my smiles, and my favours you have returned with neglect.—Neglect! yes, and I, pusillanimous wretch, live to make the frightful confession. But I have avenged myself, and will yet be avenged: 'tis not the censure of morality I fear—no, I lived but for you, who would now annihilate me. I saw you were necessary to my happiness, for I loved—oh! how I loved! Long have I endeavoured to discover if you loved me in return, but in vain; and my delicacy--or my pride--call it which you will, forbade me to propose myself to you. How am I now

fallen! Yet I dare even now to make a request to you—for you have indeed humbled me. I now offer you wealth, honours, and myself—love, gratitude, and my whole fortune. Marry me; my heart, my soul shall be your's only—or see this pistol," continued she, taking one from her dress, and cocking it; "its fellow, should this miss its aim, I have also concealed about me. These then shall end the life—if you save me not—of a wretch who has survived her disgrace. I believe you know me; you know that I am governed by noble extremes—that I rise superior to mediocrity. You know that I make no idle professions—take then ten minutes to reflect on what I propose, while I leave you to form your determination."

Dashwood, who was wrapt in astonishment, took her hand: surprised and alarmed at her undaunted manner, and apprehensive—well knowing her disposition—that she might put her threats in force, he conjured her to hear him, and was proceeding to answer her; he was about to upbraid her with cruelty in attempting his life; he was on the point of declaring, that at one time he could have died for her—but now to be united—to be intimidated into a match!—could he be happy to be under an obligation to a woman who in one moment might sacrifice him to unfounded jealousy? When the hectic bloom which circumstances called up left his cheeks, his voice faltered, he fell, and appeared to be fast verging "to that bourne from which no traveller returns." She uttered a shriek—it for a while recalled his flitting faculties. She charged him to live for her. Love or fear got the better of every other sensation. She swore to trust to his honour; she called on every saint in the calendar to witness, that she would not survive him; then rung for assistance, and threw herself beside his body. With shrieks, she urged, she conjured him to speak—but she was appealing to a form of ice; his heart appeared no longer to beat--his eyes were closed. In a paroxysm of despair, she again rang the bell with violence; she seized his clammy hands, and kissed his forehead, now damp with the dews of death. A groan burst from his body, like a last effort of expiring nature—the blood gushed through his vest, and his frame seemingly stiffened on the floor. The grim tyrant was struggling for his prey, and the lovely Mrs. Mandeville was found in a swoon extended over the body of her victim.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, THE FATHER OF AMERICAN COLONIZATION.

(Concluded from p. 276.)

Having seen much of the world, and being wearied by a succession of such singular adventures, Smith had determined on returning to his native country. He was, notwithstanding, induced to take, previously, an extensive range through Germany, France, and Spain, in order to improve himself farther in military science. Led by the ru-

mours of war and the affinity of his mind for dangers, he even passed over to Africa, and spent some time at the court of Morocco. Having visited the fortresses and examined most of the curiosities of the Barbary states, he finally returned to England, by the way of France. In his passage across the Channel in a French galley, he had the fortune to fall in with two Spanish ships of war: a desperate conflict ensued, which, after continuing nearly three days, terminated in the entire discomfiture of the Spaniards.

England being now in a state of profound peace, Smith found in it no field for the display of his active and warlike disposition. After visiting his friends, and spending some time in the kingdom unoccupied and discontented, he cheerfully embarked with Captain Grasnold in the project of planting colonies in America.

Although by his adventures and gallant exploits, Smith had acquired great celebrity in the eastern hemisphere, a richer and more brilliant meed of renown awaited him in the west. He had been hitherto raised to distinction and loaded with honours as an intrepid warrior and a successful champion; but what was this compared with the reputation of a wise and enterprising colonizer of a continent, a diffuser of civilization, and a propagator of Christianity throughout a territory of boundless extent, where barbarism and infidelity had heretofore practised their rites of impiety and orgies of blood?

Captain Smith was one of the original company to which James I. under date of the 10th of April, 1606, granted letters patent for the colonization of America. He was also appointed to a seat in the first council of the "South Colony," as it was then denominated, and was afterwards elected president of that body. During his exercise of the functions of this office, his services were of inestimable value to the infant establishment whose destinies he directed.

In company with his associates, he set sail from England on the 19th of December, 1606, but did not arrive on the coast of Virginia till the 26th of April, 1607. In the mean time, dissensions of the most serious and threatening aspect had unfortunately broken out among the adventurers. To such a height had these feuds arisen, that Captain Smith had been in close confinement for thirteen weeks, under the charge of meditating the murder of the council and the usurpation of the supreme authority, as soon as they should arrive on American ground. The real motive, however, for the arrest and rigorous treatment of this distinguished character, was the envy and jealousy which his superior powers and transcendent popularity had excited in the minds of the other members of the council. He had the good fortune and address not only to establish his own innocence, but ultimately to effect the overthrow of most of his accusers.

To specify in detail what he did and suffered for the first colony of Virginia, is altogether impossible; volumes would be insufficient to do justice to his services. It is no extravagance of panegyric to say, that he was the quickening spirit, the vital principle of the whole

establishment, the projector and accomplisher of every requisite for its comfortable subsistence and its preservation from ruin. Possessed of a vigour of constitution which formed a perfect counterpart to the hardihood of his mind, no sickliness of climate, no unwholesomeness of provisions, was able to affect him, nor did his system grow feeble under the pressure of want. When others of his companions, therefore, were faint from fatigue, and languishing under disease, his strength was unbroken and his health unimpaired. While dejection and despondency threw a cloud over the brow of every one around him, his spirits were buoyant, his fortitude unshaken, and hope, the sweetener of toils and the stay of the unfortunate, never forsook him. On every occasion an increase of difficulties served only to invigorate his exertions, and to awaken him to some new and corresponding resources. Was the colony threatened with a scarcity of provisions, the surrounding country was rendered, in some way, subservient to its wants. Did the savages approach them with hostile intentions, they were not only repulsed with slaughter, but terror and devastation were carried to their dwellings. Did any of the colonists, discontented with their situation, and discouraged at their prospects, meditate a dastardly return to Europe, about to frustrate thereby the intentions of those who had projected the enterprize, the malcontents were either mildly won back to their duty by argument and remonstrance, or presented with the alternative of instantly abandoning their purpose, or perishing in the first attempt to carry it into execution. Against the physical inconveniences resulting from the different seasons of the year, the best provisions were made which the nature and circumstances of the case would allow; and all these arrangements were attributable to the abundant resources of Smith.

So well known, and at the same time so formidable, to the savages did this celebrated character become, that he acquired among them an influence which was almost incredible. By treating them as friends or as enemies, according to the attitude which the mutability of their character induced them to assume, he seldom failed to mould them to his wishes. If at any one time they would have murdered, at another they would with no less eagerness have adored him. The adventures and enterprizes of our hero among the aborigines of the country, were numerous and interesting. One of them, in particular, deserves to be recited. It is that which relates to the celebrated Pochahontas.

When engaged in exploring the head of James's river, Captain Smith was surprised and surrounded by several hundred Indians armed with bows and arrows. Against this fearful odds he defended himself with great valour, slew several of the assailants, and spread such terror among the rest, that none had the courage to approach him. Having sufficiently checked the impetuosity of their onset, he endeavoured to effect his escape towards his canoe, which he had left by the border of a small lake. While thus engaged, direct-

ing his eyes towards the enemy, rather than to explore the track he was pursuing, he plunged suddenly up to his armpits into an oozy creek. Although inextricably entangled, and unable any longer to act on the offensive, he still kept his savage pursuers at bay, until chilled and benumbed by the coldness of the water, he threw away his arms and surrendered at discretion.

Having drawn him out of the creek, and restored him to himself by friction and the heat of a fire, some of the savages made arrangements to bind him to a tree, while others were preparing to pierce him with arrows. But his presence of mind, which never forsook him, happily suggested to him the means of safety. Taking from his pocket a beautiful travelling compass, inclosed in ivory, which he used for his guide in his excursions through the country, he so amused and astonished the whole party with a view of it, and by the account which he gave them of its extraordinary properties, that they immediately relinquished their preparations to bind him, and were almost ready to fall down and worship him.

During the whole time of his captivity, which lasted upwards of seven weeks, Smith contrived, by means of the inexhaustible resources of his mind, to maintain among the Indians an idea of his consequence and great superiority. To this he was repeatedly indebted for his life. On one occasion, by sending some of the savages as the bearers of a letter to his friends in James-Town, commissioning them to bring him, on their return, certain specified articles, he filled them with amazement at the power he possessed of making paper speak. This measure, simple as it was, proved eminently serviceable to him in his subsequent transactions with these children of nature.

While Smith was in their possession, the Indians were preparing for the assault of James-Town, with a view to the utter extermination of the colonists. For the more certain attainment of their object, they applied to him for counsel and assistance, promising him, as a reward, life and liberty, with as much land and as many women as he might wish to possess. He, however, represented to them in strong terms the extreme difficulty and danger of the enterprise, and painted in such glowing colours the springing of mines, and the destructive operation of great guns and other warlike instruments, that he effectually succeeded in deterring them from the attack. The representation he made had the happiest effect in elevating the colonists in the estimation of the natives.

Having abandoned for the present all views of hostility against James-Town, the savages began to amuse themselves by carrying Captain Smith in a kind of triumphal procession around the country. In this state of barbarous pomp, accompanied at times with the most obstreperous rejoicings, they visited many places of note, till at length they arrived at Werowocamaco, the residence of Powhatan, the king of the country. This chieftain possessed a sway that was not only extensive, but imperial, in the true signification of the

term; for he exercised dominion over not fewer than thirty tributary kings. When Smith was presented to him he appeared in all the majesty of state. He was seated before a fire, on a wooden throne, resembling a bedstead, clothed in a flowing racoon skin robe, with a fanciful coronet of feathers on his head. Although his aspect was fierce and his manners morose, he received his prisoner with something like courtesy. He ordered a table to be spread for him, furnished with abundance of the best provisions his palace could afford. This banquet being ended, a council was held, in which it was determined that Smith should be put to death. The sentence was to be carried into effect by laying the prisoner's head on a stone, and beating out his brains with massy clubs. No sooner had the murderous mandate gone forth, than arrangements were made for carrying it into execution. A large concourse of savages was convoked, to give solemnity to the scene; Smith's hands were bound, his head laid on a block of granite, and four clubs were raised by the hands of sturdy warriors to dash out his brains.

At the critical moment, when the last ray of hope was nearly extinguished, a protecting Providence, which had never for an instant forsaken our hero, most signally interposed to snatch him from destruction. Powhatan had a favourite daughter, named Pochahontas, then in the fourteenth year of her age. Deeply interested in the fate of Smith, she had already, without effect, exerted the whole weight of her influence to save him from the sanguinary sentence of her father. Inflexibly determined to effect her purpose, or perish in the attempt, this amiable and heroic princess mingled with the throng at the place of execution. At the moment when the first club was about to descend, with the rapidity and heavenly disposition of the dove of mercy, she sprung forward from the crowd, clasped the prisoner in her arms, and covered his head with her own, in order that her interposition might either arrest the blow, or that she might become the first victim, and thus escape the pain of witnessing the murder of the interesting stranger.

This expedient, which, in point of benevolence and romantickness of character, has scarcely a parallel in the records of fable, was crowned with success. The whole assembly, rude and savage as were its members, was electrified at the sight. Its thirst for blood was converted, as by magic, into a sentiment of humanity. Powhatan, softened and subdued by this more than human daring of his daughter, stayed by his mandate the executioners, and immediately reversed the fatal sentence. The prisoner was accordingly unbound, and restored to liberty, with an assurance that his life was no longer in danger.

A few days after this adventure, Captain Smith was suffered to return to James-Town, accompanied by twelve warriors for his guide, and honoured by several presents from the emperor. On his arrival he found nothing in the colony but confusion and dismay. A party of malcontents, too powerful for those of better dispositions, had taken possession of an armed ship, the

only sea vessel then in America, and were meditating an immediate return to England. Nor did thi faction mean to go alone. In case of their opponents not coming into their measures and accompanying them voluntarily, it was their fixed resolution to compel them by force to abandon the settlement; and thus frustrate entirely the attempt to colonize the country.

It was the first business of Smith to crush this conspiracy, which was now perfectly mature and ready for action. Accordingly, finding that argument and remonstrance were employed without effect, he put himself at the head of his friends, and turning the guns of the fort against the vessel, as she lay in the stream, prepared to sink her should she attempt to weigh anchor.

It was on this occasion that Smith most eminently signalized himself by his services to the enterprise in which he was engaged. Three preceding attempts to colonize Virginia had proved abortive. These repeated failures, accompanied with an abundant waste of life and treasure, had discouraged and checked, in no small degree, the spirit of colonization in the mother country. This fourth project for effecting a permanent settlement in America had been commenced on a larger scale; and the arrangements in relation to it had been much more expensive than on any former occasion. Besides several adventurers of rank and distinction, who had zealously engaged in it, it was under the immediate patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh, the most noble and enterprising character of the time. Had it, like the former, terminated unsuccessfully, the spirit of colonization, if not entirely extinguished, would have been so completely paralyzed by the event, that it is impossible to calculate the time at which another attempt would have been made.

Without dwelling on the subsequent events of the life of our hero, the accounts of which are very defective, we shall close this article with an extract in relation to him from Stith's *History of Virginia*, written in the year 1747. This work, although somewhat antiquated as to its style and manner, is notwithstanding founded on original and authentic documents, and rich in interesting details.

"I shall finish," says the author of it, "the character of Captain Smith with the testimonies of some of his soldiers and fellow-adventurers. They own him to have made justice his first guide, and experience his second: that he was ever fruitful in expedients to provide for the people under his command, whom he would never suffer to want any thing he either had or could procure: that he rather chose to lead than send his soldiers into danger; and upon all hazardous or fatiguing expeditions, always shared every thing equally with his company, and never desired any of them to do or undergo any thing that he was not ready to do or undergo himself: that he hated baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any danger: that he would suffer want rather than borrow, and starve sooner than not pay: that he loved action more than words; and hated falseness and covetousness worse than death:

that his adventures gave life and consistency to the colony, and that his loss was their ruin and destruction. They confess that there were many captains of that age (as there are indeed in all ages) who were no soldiers; but that Captain Smith was a soldier of the true old English stamp, who fought, not for gain or empty praise, but for his country's honour and the public good: that his wit, courage, and success here, were worthy of eternal memory: that by the mere force of his virtue and courage, he awed the Indian kings, and made them submit and bring presents: that, notwithstanding such a stern and invincible resolution, there was seldom seen a milder and more tender heart than his was: that he had nothing in him counterfeit or sly; but was open, honest, and sincere: and that they never knew a soldier before him, so free from those military vices of wine, tobacco, debts, dice, and oaths."

PREDICTED DESTRUCTION OF PARIS.

In the year 1814, a German divine, the Rev. William Frederic Gerken, of Stade, in the Hanoverian dominions, published a small volume explanatory of part of the Book of Revelations. We shall not enter into all the arguments of this writer, to prove that Bonaparte is the beast mentioned by the inspired author of that mysterious book. His twelfth section treats *Of the residence of the Beast, and of its conduct and fortune till the period of its destruction.* After quoting the texts in the 17th and 18th chapter which speak of *the woman* and Babylon, he thus proceeds:—

Consider the words: *The great city.* Paris has upwards of 30,000 houses, 500 of which are palaces, adorned with all that wealth and luxury can procure; for instance, the Gobelins tapestry, which for an apartment of middling size costs sometimes 20,000 rix-dollars, 4000*l.* Paris has 600,000, or, according to some, not fewer than 800,000 inhabitants.

Paris is *the Mother of Harlots and all abominations of the Earth.* Let the reader turn only to the history of Louis XIV. and XV. and he will find the most disgraceful licentiousness upon the throne, coupled with the most scandalous intrigues. The number of *filles de joie* living here upon the wages of prostitution exceeds 20,000.

The use of paints to give to age the appearance of youth, of perfumes to overpower the stench of loathsome diseases, all the indecencies of fashion are of Parisian invention; and that running in debt and swindling should be mere trifles to such voluptuaries, is perfectly natural. Thus many a person of distinction who had an income of millions, nevertheless owed millions: hence arose murder and other atrocities, perjury, infanticide, and adultery. But my pen is incapable of describing these enormities; I shall therefore refer the reader to Mercier's *Tableau de Paris.*

Paris has *reigned over the kings of the earth* for ages by her artifices

and intrigues. Princes and numbers of distinguished persons went to Paris to learn wisdom, but many of them, in exchange for the tons of their country's gold which they had carried thither, brought back nothing but infidelity and disease. By craft and a forged will, the French cabinet contrived, more than 100 years ago, to secure the whole Spanish monarchy, which belonged to Austria. In Germany, it sowed incessant dissensions among the princes, and in Sweden among the states, and by supporting first one party and then another, it found means to gain possession of Lorraine and Alsace.

Since the revolution the Parisian cabinet has not only governed the ten kings set up by it with despotic sway, as the German electors were bound by the Rhenish confederation to fight for it under the protection of France, but tied up other powers by treaties.

Paris is a *habitation of devils, the hold of every foul spirit, a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.*—Hence issued infidelity and scepticism, which the French have studiously endeavoured to spread with their language over all other countries. Voltaire made the well known beginning; Le Brun, in his *Citateur*, has repeated the most horrible calumnies of that writer; and the grossest blasphemies against Jesus Christ are allowed and publicly sold at Paris.

As infidelity and vice of all kinds predominate in Paris, it may with truth be called *the habitation of devils;* at least *foul spirits* in human shape are common enough, as well as *unclean and hateful birds.* This is proved by the horrors of the revolution, when sixty-five deputies voted for the death of Louis XVI. The shutting up of all the churches in 1793; the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and that of Mademoiselle Oberkirchen, because she refused to personate the Goddess of Reason, are the deeds of *foul spirits*, who despise all religions.

The luxury of Paris exceeds conception, as not only all the jewels, gold, and precious stones, but all the treasures of art of which almost all the countries of Europe have been plundered, are there collected. France has, moreover, 50,000 silk-looms; and as Paris is one of the greatest commercial cities, and all the nobility of the empire reside there during some part of the year for the purpose of attending the court, the words of chap. xviii. 16. are certainly applicable to it.

Paris has made herself *drunken with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus.* I know not of any city where so much innocent blood has been wantonly spilled as at Paris. Rome herself, since the Christian religion became predominant there, cannot present such a number of innocent victims. The massacre of St. Bartholomew alone cost 30,000 persons their lives at Paris, whither they were invited to celebrate the king's marriage.—Their crime was, that they were Hugonots, that is, Protestants.

Let us now consider how many have been murdered there since the commencement of the revolution, for no other reason than because they were honourable men and faithful to their king. These sanguinary scenes sometimes swept

off 4000 persons in a day; as, for instance, in September 1792, for five successive days. In the following year the Swiss guards and the Girondists were put to death, and the monster Robespierre alone caused more than 1500 persons of distinction to be executed. In short, such was the fury of terrorism, that suicide became frequent, in order to avoid the ignominy and torments inflicted by these blood-hounds. If it were possible to reckon up the number of all the victims executed between 1789 and 1799, I am confident it would far exceed 50,000 in Paris alone.

I know of no city to which all the passages in the Revelations apply so exactly as Paris. Her destruction therefore will be also to be found there. And who is to accomplish this destruction? "The ten horns which thou sawest on the beast (the ten kingdoms founded by it), these shall hate the whore (the city of Paris), and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh (take from her all that she has), and burn her with fire," chap. xvii. 6. "Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come," chap. xviii. 10. and v. 21. "A mighty angel took up a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus, with violence (the furious assault of armies), shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and be found no more." It is before said, v. 9. "They shall see the smoke of her burning:" — v. 17. "In one hour so great riches is come to nought:"—v. 19. "In one hour she is made desolate."

Consequently the city will be taken by an assailing army, which will set it on fire at every corner, and totally destroy it. Let it not be inferred from the voluntary surrender of Paris to the allies, that as it was not then taken by storm, such an event will not yet happen.

It is evident, that the prophecies concerning the city and its destruction, form the 7th vision. The beast is not mentioned in it; therefore it is not determined whether he shall be first dethroned or not, and the destruction of the city take place at a subsequent period. It is possible then that the beast may have been long dethroned and judged before this catastrophe; but it is also possible that the beast may secretly co-operate in bringing it about. Consider only, it is said, that *it was, and is not, and yet is;* and just before, *the Beast that thou sawest was, and is not, and shall ascend out of the bottomless pit and go into perdition,* xvii. 8. He is no longer emperor, but he still lives.

There is every reason to believe, that as all religion is banished from the French armies, no reliance is to be placed upon the oath which they have taken to Louis XVIII.; that the greatest part of them are in their hearts attached to Bonaparte, because he, like another Wallenstein, sanctioned all their robberies, extortions, pillage, and every vice; and is it not all this that most gratifies a dissolute and depraved soldiery? The king, Louis XVIII. must now keep them in order, or it is to be expected that a new revolution will take place, in which Bonaparte will co-operate, if he be living. The king will perhaps be even put to death, or compelled to flee, and the allies

will undertake to chastise Paris and reduce her to obedience. That great city will attempt to defend herself; she will be besieged, and at length taken by storm.

We beg the reader to bear in mind, that the work from which this article is extracted was published last year. The accuracy with which such of the events as have yet come to pass were predicted in this last paragraph, might certainly almost justify the expectation of the fulfilment of those which are yet to happen, even were it not for those military works which, as we learn from the French papers, are erecting in the neighbourhood of the capital, and than which no more effectual method could be devised to provoke its destruction by a victorious invading army.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. LI.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

HOR. lib. iii od. 21.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign, with careless ease,
The richest gift her favour brings;
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honest Poverty's undower'd charms.

I MAY not be very correct in the following quotation, as I trust wholly to my memory in giving it to my readers; but if I fail in my attempt to repeat it *verbatim et literatim*, I am confident of the author's sentiment from whom I have borrowed it. —"A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it never fails to maintain a predominant ease and tranquillity within us, and has a potency which counteracts all the various calamities and afflictions that flesh is heir to."—It has been generally agreed, that there is nothing so hard for a noble and benevolent mind to conquer, as calumny and reproach; and there is but one source of quieting the uneasiness which proceeds from them—which is, the consciousness we bear in our minds, that we do not deserve them. The love of praise is so natural to man, that it may be considered, if the contradictory terms may be forgiven, as a kind of intellectual instinct; and Cervantes proved his knowledge of the heart of man, where he represents Don Quixote, in one of his very fantastic humours, overwhelming a gentleman of good sense and understanding, with a succession of praises and eulogiums; when the latter

is made to indulge himself in this reflection : — " How grateful is praise to human nature ! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations which I receive, though I cannot but be sensible that it is a madman who lavishes them upon me." It may be equally observed, that, though we bear in our minds a satisfactory consciousness, that censures which are passed upon us are absolutely false, and uttered by persons who are not sufficiently acquainted with us to form a right judgment of our conduct and actions, we cannot, nevertheless, help feeling, nor always possess the power of disguising, an uneasiness at the unfavourable, though fallacious, opinions which they take upon them to propagate.

It is an observation made by Cicero, that the thunder of applause from the most numerous and distinguished audience, will receive no inconsiderable diminution in the mind of the orator who has obtained it, from one single voice that declares its disapprobation.

Such a weakness, if I may be allowed to consider it as such, and I know not how to class the feeling which I have described under any other denomination, seems to have been acknowledged by some of the best and wisest of men : for the magnanimity of rising superior to it does not imply insensibility ; on the contrary, the virtue of consoling ourselves under the reproach of evil tongues, or of shielding ourselves against the arrows of calumny, consists in acknowledging the pain they inflict, and having recourse to the consciousness which we bear within ourselves of being treated in a way that we do not merit.

Some of the ancient philosophers have left behind them very wholesome instructions on this subject, by explaining the means they employed to support themselves against the malice and detraction of their enemies.—The way to silence calumny, says Bias, one of the seven wise men of Greece, and whose apophthegms have been recorded by Diogenes Laertius, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. Socrates, after he had been sentenced by his judges to suffer death, declared to his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth, and not censure ; and that his condemnation did not trouble him, because he knew it to be unjust, and that he felt the most perfect confidence of being free from guilt. It was in the same calm spirit of conscious innocence that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches.—" Anytus and Melitus," says he, " may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me."—This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his perfect integrity, that he smiled upon the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. Such was the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers employed a more lively mode of defence ; and called in the aid of sarcasm and of wit to retort the injuries which they received from others, and to disarm them by pointed and unanswerable reply. They manifested their feelings on

the occasion, but at the same time displayed that kind of address which made their aggressors suffer with them, and probably in a superior proportion. Of this kind was the reply of Aristotle to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You who are accustomed to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; while I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them." Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him. "Nobody," said the philosopher, "will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you."

Many other examples might be produced, where the poignancy of the answer sufficiently proves the unpleasant state of mind of the person who made it. They would do well to follow the counsel of Epictetus, if they do not possess the secret consolation arising from the consciousness, that they are undeserving the reproaches which are cast upon them. "If any one," says this renowned moralist, "speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander, the disciple and successor of Thales, was told that the very boys in attendance laughed at his singing, "Is it really so?" he replied; "then I must endeavour, if it is in my power, to sing better." But of all the sayings of the ancient sages which have been preserved for our instruction, there are none which appear to possess more good sense and candour than those of Plato. On his being informed, by some good-natured friend, that he had many enemies, who took every opportunity of speaking ill of him, this celebrated and amiable philosopher replied, "It is of no consequence, for I will order my life and all its concerns in such a manner that no one shall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that one of his most intimate friends had spoken of him in a disrespectful manner, he calmly observed, "I am certain that he would not have done it, if he had not some reason for it." Such, says Mr. Addison, is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, "a GOOD CONSCIENCE."

Calumny is a vice of the most detestable nature, and therefore is an object of legal punishment among all civilized people. In Turkey, a detected calumniator is exposed to the public by having the front of his house, for a certain period, in proportion to his malignity, painted black. The illustrious author of *The Spirit of Laws*, however, observes, that, among the Romans, the law which supported the citizens in mutually accusing each other, was good, according to the political spirit of that republic, where it was every citizen's duty to be watchful of whatever related to the commonwealth. But this was a public and political measure, and had no relation to the domestic or private injury which has been the subject of my consideration. The Athenians, indeed, paid public honours to this dæmon, for in no other light

can it be considered in a Christian country; but upon what principle such a vice could be legalized by a people renowned for their wisdom, is not reconcileable to modern policy, or the purer morals which have since been revealed to improve the human heart. Among the Grecian refinements it might be allowed to calumniate, in order to encourage an integrity of life that would set the calumniator at defiance; and such a motive an ingenious reasoner might deduce from some of the sayings of their philosophers, examples of which have been selected in this essay. But though calumny may have been encouraged among the Greeks on some ground of political expedience, it could not be approved by the virtuous and the wise as a social quality; and this appears from the account given of an allegorical picture painted by Apelles, illustrative of this subject. This celebrated work of that great artist is thus described:—

Credulity, accompanied by *Ignorance* and *Suspicion*, and represented with long ears, stretches out her hands to *Calumny*, who appears to be eagerly approaching her. *Ignorance* wears the figure of a blind woman, and *Suspicion* that of a man agitated by secret disquietude. *Calumny* occupies the middle of the picture, shaking a torch with her left hand, and with her right dragging *Innocence* by the hair of her head, who, in the form of a child, seems mournfully to supplicate the interference of heaven in her favour. She is preceded by *Envy*, who, with piercing eyes and a wan and meagre aspect, is followed by *Stratagem* and *Flattery*, at a distance, where the objects are dimly discernible. *Truth* appears to be slowly advancing in the footsteps of *Calumny*, accompanied by *Repentance* in a mourning habit. And here I shall venture to anticipate the opinion of my readers of every class and every age, that it would have been honourable to the wisdom of the wise and polished Athenians, to have destroyed the statue which they had erected to *Calumny*, and to have suspended this admirable production of the pencil of Apelles in its place.

Abstracted from the falsehood which is ever involved in the practice of calumny, its uncharitable spirit, with the envy and hatred that accompany, or rather produce, its emotions, rendered it peculiarly odious to, and the object of, an avowed abhorrence among the early Christians. Pascal particularly states, that the church delayed giving the communion to murderers and calumniators, ranking the latter with the former, until the hour of death. The Council of Lateran also pronounced persons convicted of calumny, although they may have weaned themselves of the vice, as unworthy of admission into clerical orders; and the authors of defamatory libels, who cannot prove what they have advanced, are condemned by Pope Adrian to be scourged—*flagellentur*.

Having in the early part of this lucubration mentioned the manner in which several of the wisest men of antiquity resisted the effects of any calumny that had been employed against them, I shall conclude it with a few observations on the disposition which too many possess of lessening the merits, or exaggerating the demerits of others.

Whoever lives in what is called

the world, cannot, I fear, avoid observing the delight which too many express in hearing the faults of their neighbour; or, at least, to go no farther, manifest a too evident inclination to be more credulous on the uncharitable, than the favourable side of human actions. I wish also, that the disposition to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of others, was so uncommon, that a man of the world could not discover it, upon an average, oftener than once in a month. I shall not speak of my own experience in these particulars, but it is sufficient to know, that no small portion of the vexations of life proceeds from the misrepresentations, not to say absolute falsehoods, which too many are apt to spread abroad concerning one another. The following rules, if we can bring ourselves to the practice of them, will save us from the painful reflection, that we have, in this particular at least, added to the burden of mortal sorrows.

In the first place, we should resolutely strive to check our curiosity, if we feel it disposed to listen to the tales of human infirmity; for of this there can be no doubt, that he who is gratified with hearing reproaches cast upon another, will find an equal pleasure in relating them. It was said by one of the ancient sages, whose name does not at present occur to me, "That *falsehood* is just as far distant from *truth*, as the *ears* are from the *eyes*;" which assertion, I presume, is intended to convey an opinion, that a wise man will not give an unreserved credit to the report of actions which he has not seen. I shall recommend it most particularly to the younger part of my readers, on their entrance into life, to turn a deaf ear, as much as possible, to any accounts of base and criminal actions in others, and to do every thing in their power to turn off such discourse in their social communications: but, if they should unavoidably hear any thing of this nature so well attested, that they cannot disbelieve it, why may they not suppose, that the action, however wrong in itself, may not have proceeded from a good intention in the person who committed it? This may, perhaps, be considered as carrying charity, if charity can be carried, to an extravagant height; but, at all events, it must be acknowledged to be more worthy of praise, than to suppose, with the ill-natured part of the world, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and base intentions. What may be the pleasure of spreading whispers to the prejudice of others, I know not, as, I thank Heaven, I never practised it; but of this I am certain, and I defy honest contradiction, that he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction, who, on the principle of gentlemanly honour and Christian charity, lets the secret die within his own breast.

——— absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; com missa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

HOR. sat. iv.

He who malignant tears an absent friend,
Or, when attack'd by others, don't defend;
Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise;
Of things he never saw who tells the tale,
And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark:
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.

THE ELEVENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, SPRING-GARDENS.

(*Concluded from p.* 295.)

No. 18. *Portrait of Miss O'Neil.* —A. Devis.

PUBLIC opinion appears to allow the highest merit to this young lady, whose transcendent talents have delighted the lovers of the drama, in her personification of the most admired characters of our best dramatic poets. Her imitative powers are thus justly appreciated: in this personification of herself the painter has his fair claim to praise, by so excellent an imitation of the fair and interesting original. We think this portrait elegant in design, chaste in colour, and a faithful resemblance both in visage and figure.

No. 220. *St. Botolph's Church, in Trumpington-street.*—A. Pugin.

When architectural correctness is blended with painter-like feeling in topographical views, subjects like these become highly interesting as pictures. The drawings which have appeared of late from the pencils of Mr. Pugin, and others eminent in this branch of study, may be reckoned among the most meritorious and pleasing representations of art and nature united. The effect of this view of part of the ancient town of Cambridge is natural; it is well coloured, and executed with masterly freedom. To the lover of the picturesque, this town affords abundant materials for contemplation: its pious and noble edifices, contrasted by the narrowness of the streets and occasional humbleness of the dwellings of the inhabitants, furnish fine subjects for the topographical painter; and the work for which this and other views on the walls of the exhibition are made, will contain, when completed, like that of Oxford, an epitome of the splendid and venerable appearance of the town which it proposes to represent.

No. 303. *View of the old Court of King's College.*—F. Mackenzie.

There are few points in this pictorial town that afford a more agreeable assemblage of objects for a view, than this old Court of King's College, whose heavy castellated walls of the Gothic character, combine finely with the light ornamented lofty turrets of King's College, which are seen above in the back-ground. The utmost correctness of detail is happily united with bold effect and glowing colour in this meritorious little drawing, which is also for the *History of Cambridge.*

No. 338. *Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge.*—F. Mackenzie.

There are several drawings by Mackenzie of views in Cambridge in this exhibition, for the above-mentioned work, equally well executed with this interior view of the chapel, wherein correctness of lineal and beauty of aërial perspective are united, and the most tasteful execution predominates. Fac-similes of these drawings, and the elegant etchings by Agar, from the characters in their correct academical habits from the admired drawings of Uwins, cannot fail to

render the work of Cambridge equal to that of Oxford, which is now completed.

No. 212. *The Windmill.*—T. Dewint.

We are reminded of the works of Rembrandt by this truly rural drawing of Mr. Dewint's, who appears to see nature with the same feeling of the simple effects of light, shadow, and colour, which so much distinguished the works of the venerated Dutch painter. The sky is of a sober grey; and the mill, the principal feature of the composition, is relieved upon the same by effect of colour, rather than by depth of shade; a quality in art, when represented with skill, that is sure to please. The landscape is entirely of the English character, and is designed with a taste that would do honour to Gainsborough.

No. 76. *View in Cumberland.*—J. Glover.

Those who delight in rural sports, must feel an interest in traversing this rugged moor that stretches across the plain beneath the dark mountains whose summits are far above the clouds. The fowlers, with the dogs pursuing moor game, are naturally introduced threading the intricacies of the tangled path. The colouring of this picture is so truly characteristic of the country, that the scene is illusive, the mountains are awful, and the general effect is sublime.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-HOUSE.

No. 5. *Portrait of the Primate of Ireland.*—W. Owen, R. A.

Mr. Owen has acquired the reputation of being designated the *clerical painter:* this distinction has arisen from the many excellent pictures painted by him of dignitaries of the church, and others of the clerical profession. The style of this artist is eminently calculated to personify the grave respectability of the philosopher and the divine. There is sufficient of the grand feeling united with an unaffected manliness in his characters, that please from their simplicity, and claim admiration for their truth. This portrait of the Primate of Ireland is a genuine specimen of the best manner of the English school.

No. 14. *Rebekah going to the Well.*—Miss H. A. E. Jackson, H.

"And it came to pass, that Rebekah came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder; and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher."

In all the works of this fair artist we perceive the same chaste feeling throughout: the story is here well recorded; Rebekah is beautiful and artless, and accords with the images raised by the sacred historians. The composition is pleasing and well coloured, and the execution is delicate. This picture will support the reputation of Miss Jackson.

No. 65. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.*—Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.

Dignity of character, grandeur of composition, splendour of colour, and breadth of light and shadow, are happily united in this portrait of the Prince Regent. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this

the finest potrait of the heir apparent that has yet been painted. The constellation of jewels in the regalia upon the breast of the figure, and the vast mass of scarlet upon the dress, represented by a hand less skilful than that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, would have had to encounter difficulties almost insurmountable; but in this picture we find such a perfect scale of union in its splendour, that we cannot but congratulate the author upon the felicitous management of such formidable difficulties.

No. 109. *Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, holding the Sword of State on the last day of Public Thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral.*—The same.

Much of the *éclât* of the present exhibition, which is in other respects perhaps inferior to no preceding one, arises from the four splendid portraits by this artist which adorn the walls of the great room. This of the Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington is of the most elevated style of historical portrait: the scale is colossal, and the feeling of the heroic character There is great originality in the composition, and the whole blazes with richness and splendour.

No. 155. *Portrait of Field-Marshal Prince Blücher.*—The same.

Whoever has seen the Prussian veteran, the successful opposer of the ruler of France, will readily recognize his venerable person in this magnificent portrait. The painter we understand executed this picture *con amore;* it is certainly to be reckoned among the finest performances of this class that the world of taste has had to contemplate, and does honour not only to the painter, but to his country and to the nineteenth century.

No. 163. *Portrait of Field-Marshal Prince Platoff.*—The same.

This picture of the venerable hero of the North, the gallant leader of the Cossacks, is another instance of the extensive powers of painting, which can hand to future generations the identity of an illustrious man in all that his person can externally shew. These four colossal pictures will render the fame of the painter equally lasting with that of the heroes whom he has thus faithfully personified.

No. 168. *Portraits of a Charger and a favourite Poney, the Property of the Right Hon. Lord Stewart.*—J. Ward, R. A.

No animal-painter of any age or school has produced finer portraits of the horse, the dog, the ox, and other domestic animals, than this artist. The picture in question is an epitome of nature; the executive excellencies herein manifested, may be said to vie with those of the most celebrated Flemish artists, and perhaps even extend beyond their powers.

No. 118. *Distraining for Rent.*—Wilkie, R. A.

Upon the transcendent talents of this artist little can be said here that can add to his well earned fame. This picture of Distraining for Rent is replete with all that can easily be conceived to exist in a dramatic composition described in colours, instead of words. The utmost sympathy is excited on beholding this scene of distress; and we hope that some unfeeling and obdurate landlord, on contemplating this effort of the painter's genius, may feel compunction for his cruelty. Pictures

like this elevate our notions of art, for where expression is thus united with other requisites in painting, we are as much affected as in viewing a real scene in the grand drama of life.

No. 39. *Portrait of Miss O'Neil as the Tragic Muse.*—G. Joseph, A.

We may reckon among the many delightful reflections arising out of our admiration of the fine arts, that of discovering the different feeling which is obvious in the view which one painter has of an object in contradistinction to another. Each may be like in his imitation of the object, and yet each treat it quite in a new light. This elegant representation of Miss O'Neil is faithful as to likeness, and yet is made to assume the muse Melpomene; the personification is poetic, and yet it is our favourite actress. There is fine expression in this view of her face, and dignity in the figure; the composition is chaste, and the whole has an antique air, compatible with the subject. We think this decidedly Mr. Joseph's *chef-d'œuvre*, and an ornament to the exhibition.

No. 51. *The Departure for London.*—E. Bird, R. A.

Mr. Bird's originality of design, and just observance of human nature, as it regards his art, have frequently been the subject of our praise. This picture of the Departure for London is full of the tenderest touches of nature; no parent, no brother, sister, or other that own any family ties or social feelings, but must contemplate this picture with some emotion.

No. 258. *The Eruption of the Soufrier Mountains, in the Island of St. Vincent, at Midnight on the 30th of April, 1812; from a Sketch taken at the time by Hugh P. Keane, Esq.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

> There in stupendous horror grew
> The red volcano to the view,
> And shook in thunders of its own,
> While the blaz'd hill in lightnings shone,
> Scatt'ring thin arrows round;
> As down its sides of liquid flame
> The devastating cataract came,
> With melting rocks, and crackling woods,
> And mingled roar of boiling floods,
> And roll'd along the ground.

It appears that there is no record existing of a volcanic irruption on so mighty a scale as this of St. Vincent. Those who were on the ocean supposed the whole island was destroyed, and this opinion lasted for several days. To represent the grand phenomena of nature in painting, requires the powers of a mind like that of Mr. Turner, whose daring flights have often surprised the connoisseur. This wonderful effort of his pencil is said, by those who witnessed the effects of the eruption of the Soufrier mountains, to convey a faithful resemblance of the awful scene.

No. 148. *Portraits of Prince Platoff's favourite Charger and four of the Prince's Cossacks.*—J. Ward, R. A.

The horse, which is a fac-simile of nature, and which forms the principal feature of this picture, was the favourite of the Cossack chief, and carried him in the field of battle in all the campaigns for the last fifteen years: this hardy animal never experienced a hurt. The Prince Regent having expressed his admiration of the horse to the veteran chief, he requested his Royal Highness's acceptance of him, as a token of his profound

respect. This picture, which will ever be esteemed for its own excellence, will have additional value ascribed to it by future generations, from the interesting circumstances attached to its history. The Cossacks, which are faithful portraits of those who particularly distinguished themselves for intrepidity, and who were about the Hetman's person, combined with the animal and the ruin wherein they are placed, produce an excellent composition.

No. 68. *Delpini, a Charger, the property of Major T. P. Milles, 14th Light Dragoons.*—A. Cooper.

Correct drawing and steady effect characterise the works of this artist, who appears to study in the school of nature alone. This portrait of a charger is painted with great skill, and has an air of truth which is ever sure to result from the mode of practice which Mr. Cooper pursues. The style is his own, nothing meretricious appears, and his works consequently please the true connoisseur.

No. 260. *A favourite Cat.*—The same.

However humble a subject the portrait of a cat may appear, on reading the catalogue of this splendid exhibition, yet the observant judge of art will discover on the first view of this picture by Mr. Cooper, that it possesses merit that must arrest attention. We consider this a very fine specimen of art, and the same opinion is pretty general, for puss is a great favourite with the republic of taste.

No. 286. *Idle Boys.*—W. Mulready.

The author of this excellent piece of painting, and some other rising artists, whom but recently we remember at school, at least in the school at Somerset-House, must not be designated among those which give the title to this picture. To those who possess any patriotic feeling for British art, it cannot but be gratifying to witness such an excellent school of art fast rising to rank with the best masters of old, and this among a number of very young men. This subject of a master punishing idle scholars is admirably designed, and replete with expression and the truest traits of nature: it is, moreover, painted with clearness and freedom, and is worthy of a place in any cabinet.

No. 253. *View near Ambleside, Westmoreland.*—G. Samuel.

Did we not know the spot from whence this sylvan scene was taken, much as we admire the features of Cumberland, we should fancy this to be partly composition. The site of this farm-house, with luxuriant corn-fields in front, a transparent and rapid trout stream on the side, and richly wooded mountains rising immediately behind, comprises more romantic beauty than usually exists in any one point within the same space which this picture describes; the colouring of which is chaste and natural, the touching is light, and the effect is in harmony with the subject.

No. 380. *Cheddar Cliffs, Somersetshire.*—The same.

As much identity as topographical painting can give is visible in this view of Cheddar; every cliff, almost every stone is a portrait, and yet the general effect is broad, and the colouring vigorous. It certainly adds much to the interest of these views of nature in her roman-

tic garb, to have the portrait true; for there is a fitness and a reality visible in these just imitations, which affect the mind with a satisfaction that truth alone can produce.

No. 158. *Dido building Carthage, or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

However reluctant mankind in all ages may have felt, to grant to contemporaries unqualified praise, yet it is generally acknowledged by the contemporaries of this artist, that all the sublime qualities which the poetic style of painting embraces, are manifested in a superior degree in his landscape compositions. All that the most fertile mind can conceive is brought to light in this ideal scene, wherein every thing holds the appearance of reality. Much as we esteem the works of Claude, of Salvator Rosa, of the Poussins, Dominechino, the Caracci, or other justly celebrated Italian masters, we can boast a painter whose pictures comprise qualities of superior excellence to theirs; and we refer to this performance as the warranty for our assertion.

No. 94. *Crossing the Brook.*—The same.

Never have we seen a more elegant landscape than this; every tree and shrub has a classic taste; the trees are noble, light, and tall, the foliage is luxuriant, and the harmony of colouring merits all the praise that words can express. We perceive no affinity to any style or any school in these works of Mr. Turner; we think his manner and execution are as purely original as the poetic forms which create his compositions.

No. 66. *Passage and Luggage-Boats.*—A. Calcott, R. A.

This esteemed landscape-painter has given his share of support to the establishing of a British school of art. We perceive a steady, progressive improvement in his works, and a mind that sees nature with its own original feeling, which alone could have enabled him at an early period to raise high expectation, and at the present to realize what was hoped. This picture is stamped with nature: as a whole the effect is broad, chaste, and clear; in detail every thing is real. It is justly considered one of the first ornaments of the exhibition.

No. 222. *Village Gossips, a Scene from Nature.*—J. J. Chalon.

Representations of the manners and habits of the peasantry have always been found to interest those whose fortunes and education led them to reside in cities or populous towns. In this picture we have a faithful transcript of a momentary scene in a farmer's yard; the time evening. The team is just returned with a waggon, and the driver is preparing to water them, whilst a group of gossips have met to have a little chat, ere they retire to their homely cots. The scenery is picturesque and natural, the trees are well designed, and painted with a firmness of touch which distinguishes the works of Mr. Chalon.

No. 214. *Evening—Landscape and Figures.*—The Figures by A. E. Chalon, A.—The same.

On the brow of a hill, a party of elegant young men and women are assembled to enjoy the mild rays of the evening sun: they are

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attired in the Spanish costume, which, combined with the luxuriant richness of the landscape, produces an enchanting effect. The composition, is poetic, and the sentiment altogether romantic.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE FLEMISH AND DUTCH MASTERS AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.

THE noblemen and gentlemen, directors of this institution, have afforded a great intellectual treat to the lovers of the fine arts and the public in general, by opening their spacious rooms for the Spring Exhibition, decorated in the most splendid manner, by covering the walls with crimson velvet, and hanging thereon an extensive collection of the most admired works of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Jean Stein, Mieris, Metzu, Paul Potter, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Cuyp, Teniers, Ostade, and other celebrated painters of the Flemish and Dutch schools. These fine works of art are selected from the private collection of the directors, or from those of their enlightened friends, who have munificently consented to spare the loan of these treasures for a certain period, to afford the rising artists an opportunity of contemplating the merits of these choice works, and to add to that increasing love for the fine arts which the public have received, and cherished, in some measure, through the channel of the exhibitions at the British Institution.

There are those who lament the perishableness of the materials of which pictures are formed; but when we contemplate the works of certain painters in this collection, which were produced nearly two centuries ago, and which preserve all the exquisite tints displayed in the most elaborately finished pictures, with the utmost purity, we are happy to find that such lamentations are groundless. If these valuable treasures continue to be preserved with due care, there is no reason to doubt that they may exist many centuries hence, little affected by the injuries of time; they may be more lasting than monuments of marble, or even of brass.

PLATE 27.—THE TOWN-HALL, SOUTHWARK.

THIS edifice stands at the southern extremity of the Borough High-street, looking down Blackman-street towards Newington, on the spot called St. Margaret's Hill, from its having been the site of an ancient church dedicated to St. Margaret. This church was given by a charter of King Henry I. to the priory of St. Mary, Southwark; and about the time of the Reformation the parish was united with that of St. Saviour. The church in consequence became neglected, till at length part of it was appropriated for the Court of Sessions for the Borough, and part for a prison, since removed to Mill-lane, and called the Borough Compter. This old building was ultimately consumed in the great fire which ravaged this part of the

town in 1676, and upon the same spot was built a new Court-House, described in *London and its Environs*, as having "a small colonnade leading to a tavern, over which is the court-room where the Lord Mayor of London tries causes." On the front of it was a statue of King Charles II. with an inscription commemorating the destruction of the former edifice in 1676, and its rebuilding at the expence of the corporation of London in 1685 and 6, during the mayoralties of James Smyth and Robert Geffery. The whole was taken down a few years since, and the edifice represented in our engraving was raised in its stead. It is, as may be there seen, a simple, unassuming structure, which calls for no particular remark. In the front of it, the hustings for the election of members of parliament for this borough are erected.

On the opposite side of the High-street stands the Talbot, a corruption of the *Tabard*, Inn, "so called," says Stow, "of the sign which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders—a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others both at home and abroad in the wars; but then, to wit, in the wars, their arms embroidered or otherwise depicted upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others: but now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and are called their coats of arms in service."—This inn was the place of rendezvous for the pilgrims on their journies to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, as recorded in the rude, yet highly characteristic and picturesque poetry of Chaucer. The ancient building fell a sacrifice to the same conflagration by which the Court-House was destroyed, as already related, in 1676.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has in the press, ready for immediate publication, a graphic work, entitled *Naples and the Campagna Felice*. It consists of a series of humorous letters, from a traveller on the spot, descriptive of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that delightful city and its vicinity, as well as of the antiquities, and of other objects of curiosity with which that classic soil abounds. Among those the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeji, the ruins at Pozzuoli, Bajæ, Misenum, and the Island of Capri (of which latter a minute description is entered into), occupy a considerable portion of the work. A detailed account is given of the ancient papyri, and of the manner of unrolling them; as also of the ancient Greek paintings discovered in Herculaneum, and deposited in the Royal Museum at Portici. The work is illustrated by numerous copper-plates, and by several wood-cuts, maps, plans, views, copies of ancient Greek paintings, and by a set of humorous designs of Rowlandson's in the

manner of his drawings for Doctor Syntax's Tour.

Mr. Ackermann has just published a *Catalogue of his Library*, which contains, besides English graphic works, a number of foreign books lately imported. It will be delivered gratis to the order of any lover of the fine arts and literature. The drawings for the History of Cambridge, now in the course of publication, may be inspected at Ackermann's Library, and at the Exhibitions at Somerset-House and Spring-Gardens.

The learned and indefatigable Dr. Nemnich, of Hamburgh, has just published, in a quarto volume, an *Encyclopædia of Merchandize*, comprising all the exports and imports of Great Britain, her Colonies, and America, in English and German. The great utility of which this work is likely to prove to persons engaged in commerce, will be evident, from the following correct character of it given by the author in his preface. "Eighteen years ago," says he, "I published my Dictionary of Merchandize in twelve different languages. On a tour through England in 1799, I gathered that fund of materials which enabled me to furnish the two supplements to the same; and, encouraged by the result of my labours, I have not abated in my exertions in the improvement of this branch of science. On a subsequent visit to all the commercial and manufacturing places of Great Britain and Ireland, that empire of industry, where I had so many opportunities of conversing with men of scientific and commercial knowledge, I gained that farther information which induced me to lay the foundation of a British Encyclopædia of articles of commerce, which, after a period of eight years indefatigable labour and researches, I am at last enabled to lay before the world. I have avoided as much as possible superfluity: nevertheless, this work contains, in a concise manner, every information for the counting-house; to each article being added the different qualities and distinctions, the places of growth, the usual markets, the manner of packing, the customary terms of sale, and, in short, every thing requisite to be known respecting the particulars of all produce whatever." Dr. Nemnich has published with this work, a French Encyclopædia on the same plan; and has ready for the press, an Italian, a Spanish, a Portuguese, a Dutch, a Danish, a Swedish, a Russian, a new Greek, and a Latin Dictionary of Merchandize. He also announces, that he is preparing a collection of the comparative denominations of the most general necessaries of life and articles of commerce in *several hundred languages*.

Speedily will be published, *Montalbion*, a novel, in three volumes, by Miss E. S. Francis, author of The Rival Roses, Sir Wilibert de Waverley, &c.

Dr. Aikin has made considerable progress in a new work, to be entitled *Annals of the Reign of George* III.

An Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects, is announced by the Rev. William Kirby, B. A. F. S. L. author of Monographia Apum Angliæ, and William Spence, Esq. F. L. S. This work will comprise

a full detail of all the most interesting facts relative to the manners and economy of insects; an account of all that is at present known relative to their anatomy and physiology; and a full explanation of the technical terms of the science, in which many improvements have been attempted.

Mr. Donovan is preparing for the press, two distinct periodical works on the subject of British Fossils; the one elucidatory of the English Antediluvian Zoology, the other of the vegetable remains, under the title of *The English Antediluvian Botany*. Of each work there will be two editions, the smaller in 8vo. to correspond with his various publications on British Zoology, the other in super-royal. As Mr. Donovan is known to possess the finest collection of fossils in Europe, either public or in private hands, a series of publications upon this subject of very unusual interest may be confidently expected.

Shortly will be published, in a neat pocket volume (to be continued annually), *Annual Gleanings of Wit and Humour, in Prose and Verse;* consisting of a selection of anecdotes, *bons-mots*, epigrams, enigmas, epitaphs, with some choice receipts, toasts, sentiments, &c. chiefly gleaned from the numerous periodicals and journals of the day; in which are included many original pieces.

Miss Charlotte Nooth has in the press, *Original Poems*, with translations from the French, Italian, and Spanish; and a Play, in five acts.

Miss Porden will speedily publish *The Veils*, a poem, in six books.

Mr. F. Jollie, proprietor of The Carlisle Journal, has announced his intention of publishing a supplementary volume of *The History of Cumberland*, which is designed to embrace the state of agriculture, population, church livings, antiquities, &c. to the present period. It will be embellished with several plates, among others, of the English, Scotch, and Irish gates, Carlisle, which are now removed.

The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, resident of the court of Poona, and late envoy to the King of Caubul, has in the press, *An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India;* comprising a view of the Afghaun nation, and a history of the Doorraunee monarchy, in a quarto volume, with coloured plates of the costume of the country.

A new mode of converting a parallel into a rotative motion, has been discovered by Mr. Lester, engineer. By this means, all the effects of animal draught can be accomplished without that complexity of machinery which has hitherto prevented the successful application of steam in propelling carriages by land and canal-boats by water. The invention is most simple in its nature, aad will enable the inventor to propel carriages of every description, and vessels of every bulk by water.

Mrs. Ibbetson, of Sherwood, has published an ingenious paper, proving that the embryos of seeds are formed in the roots of plants, from which they ascend to the seed-vessel through the alburnum vessels. She says, that it is the heart of the seed, constituting the embryo of the future plant, which is thus formed in the root and carried upwards.

She conceives, that the pollen ascends in like manner, passing only to the male flowers, while the balls or embryos ascend to the females; no balls being seen in male trees, and no pollen in female ones.

A work which may materially contribute to the information and amusement of the public, and particularly to amateurs and professors, will make its appearance on 1st of June, entitled *The Rejected Pictures*, with some of the secret reasons for the decisions of the Academy.

The fifth volume of Kirby's *Wonderful Museum* will be ready for delivery in a few days.

At a late meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, Mr. Scoresby, of Whitby, read a paper on the subject of polar ice, and the difficulties encountered by the whalers in their annual visits to those northern regions. Mr. Scoresby's frequent visits to that part of the globe have induced him to turn his attention to the possibility of reaching the pole by means of an excursion over the ice; and a considerable portion of his paper was devoted to this very interesting subject. It appears, from his accounts, that the whalers have sometimes penetrated so high as 81½ degrees, or within 600 miles of the pole, which space he considers might be travelled in sledges, by means of rein-deer or dogs, in about a fortnight; and that for the return, allowing for casualties and time for observations, the whole might be accomplished in six weeks. From his knowledge of the climate, he thinks the temperature of the weather will present no very great obstacle, having observed, that, after a long continuance of north wind, the thermometer never was very considerably depressed. The difficulties he contemplates are, open water, rough or mountainous ice, or similar land, soft snow, and dense mists. As it is supposed that the first will not be very extensive, he proposes to have his traineaux formed in the shape of canoes, so that they might pass over any thing of the kind, while the dogs might be made to swim; and for other obstacles, he must in a great measure trust to chance, supplying himself with whatever may be necessary to overcome them, should they occur. In shaping his course to the pole, he must soon lose the assistance of the magnetic needle, and must trust to solar observations, which, together with a good chronometer, would answer every purpose, could he be sure of not meeting with mists. He likewise proposes to assist himself in misty weather by making his cavalcade move at some distance apart in a straight line, which, once properly directed, may, with attention, be got to proceed with tolerable accuracy. From his experience of the atmosphere of high northern latitudes, he does not anticipate such weather, except with southerly winds, which are not of frequent occurrence or long continuance. It is very satisfactory to observe a subject of this kind treated with so much ardour, and at the same time with so much science, as Mr. Scoresby has done. It is an object which has long been very much desired by men of science, to ascertain the nature and form of the globe at the pole, and the manner in which the needle is

acted upon in proceeding towards it. This, however, is not an object that can be taken up by an individual, and if, after explaining his views to men of science, his plan may be pronounced practicable, of which there seems to be no doubt, we hope that government will second his intentions, and provide for the expences of such an arduous undertaking.

A correspondent has transmitted the following statement of a remedy in cases of swallowing pins, extracted from the provincial papers:—A person in Pendleton, who was informed of a neighbour having swallowed a pin, administered four grains of tartar emetic in warm water, and afterwards prevailed upon the patient to drink the white from six eggs, which coagulated upon the stomach before the tartar operated, enveloped the pin, and brought it up. There is a well authenticated instance upon record, of a person who swallowed twenty-four pins being made to throw up the whole by the above method. The same may be used with success for fish and other sharp bones.

The publications of Berlin have lately given the following account of a remarkable case of hydrophobia, which did not manifest itself till thirteen months after the bite:—On the 15th September, 1813, the son of the Rev. Mr. Schulz, of Gross Tschirne, in Silesia, four years old, was bitten on the fore-finger by a dog lying fastened to a chain in the yard of the Catholic minister of that place, which drew blood. The child, being acquainted with the dog, had boldly passed close to him. No person had perceived the slightest symptom of madness in the animal, which had taken his food as usual at noon on the same day. The child sucked the blood from the wounded finger. (May not this circumstance have had a share in producing the fatal catastrophe?) A surgeon was sent for in about an hour, but merely to apply something to the wound, and without any apprehension of farther consequences. It was not till some hours afterwards, when the dog attacked a friend of his master, with whom he was well acquainted, that it began to be suspected that the animal was mad. The surgeon immediately adopted all the precautions usual in such cases, and, by the direction of Dr. Ferne, kept the wound for six weeks in a state of suppuration. The child remained perfectly well till the 10th of October, 1814, consequently for one year and twenty-five days after the bite; when, contrary to all expectation, symptoms of madness and hydrophobia, accompanied with the most violent convulsions, appeared, and in the space of 34 hours put an end to the boy's life. If, as this case seems to demonstrate, the poison can lie dormant above a year in the system, the utmost caution in regard to dogs suspected of being mad is so much the more necessary.

M. Mikan, of Vienna, has published an account of a woman in Bohemia, who is accustomed to eat earth like the savage inhabitants of certain tropical regions. This woman, named Ann Baber, a native of Popowitz, near Gemnischt, in the circle of Kaurzim, is about 55 years old, of small stature, rather slender, weakly, and

indolent. Her father was a weaver. It is said that during her childhood she manifested a greedy and lazy disposition. She was sometimes afflicted with violent head-ach, and was attacked in her eleventh year with a kind of epilepsy, which is related to have first occasioned her to manifest the singular appetite for earth. The epileptic fits to which she is still subject are extremely irregular, sometimes returning in five or six weeks, at others four or five times a day. It is immediately on her recovery from these fits, and at no other time, that she has recourse to the earth, and in case there is none at hand, she goes and seeks it. She declares that after she has eaten it, she feels an oppression at her stomach; thirst ensues, she drinks copiously, is then quite well, and her appetite improves. In regard to the species of earth she has no particular choice, swallowing handfuls of clay, mould, or even dung of animals, without moistening or preparing them in any way whatever. The quantity of earth which she consumes is in proportion to the violence of the fit, and sometimes amounts to five or six pounds. The drink which she takes immediately after eating the earth is brandy, in considerable quantity. She has been married and had two children; during her pregnancy she is said to have eaten earth oftener than usual, and consequently her epileptic attacks must in that period have been more frequent. She has lived in poverty, and gained a subsistence by carrying messages and going on errands, which she still does, for short distances.

Mr. Leopold Sauer, a well known mechanician of Prague, is exhibiting at Vienna a curious piano-forte, which, as the successful result of twenty years' labour, deserves the attention of all friends to music and mechanical science. It is made of mahogany, and represents a temple adorned with twenty columns, and pilasters of Florence marble and gilt bronze. In front, supported by two caryatides, is a key-board, comprehending eighty tones, beginning with contra C in the bass, and extending to the third G in the treble. The decorations of the cornice are entirely of ebony, and in the lower division of the instrument is introduced a set of flutes of forty-four tones. But rich and ingenious as the exterior may be, it is the internal excellence that constitutes the chief value of this master-piece. For the ordinary wires the artist has substituted steel watch springs; the hammer is made entirely of ivory, and instead of the cloth with which the lower surface is covered, he uses a permanent stuff of his own invention. A commission, among whose members were the most eminent musicians and composers of Prague, appointed to examine this instrument, have borne the most honourable testimony to its superior qualities, and estimated its intrinsic value at 500 ducats.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Seraphina, a favourite Theme, composed and arranged, with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Flute, by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

THE theme of these variations is very attractive; it reminds us strongly of some similar subjects among Pleyel's works, whose man-

ner Mr. Monro has followed in the variations likewise, and certainly with every desirable success. We meet with the same unlaboured flow of melody and harmony, and the same pleasing variety of treatment. The flute part is obligato, and indispensable in vars. 1, 3, 6; the solos of which, without any executive intricacy, are nevertheless effective, and indeed shewy. Among the several variations we observe a respectable *minore*, a proper march, and a neat walz movement. In short, the whole publication is not only unobjectionable, but perfectly well adapted for the improvement and entertainment of pupils of limited proficiency.

No. I. *Albion, a new medley Divertimento, composed of popular English Melodies, arranged in a familiar Style for the use of young Practitioners on the Piano-Forte,* by J. Monro. Pr. 2s.

This publication is precisely what the title proclaims it to be. About a dozen well known melodies, such as *Rule Britannia, Over the Mountains, Copenhagen Walz, Guaracha, God save the King,* &c. are strung together. The harmony is proper and easy, so as to fall within the reach of beginners, who, in this manner, are furnished with a copious supply of lessons for practice, at the rate of about two-pence per air. Nothing, certainly, could be more reasonable.

"*Nancy's Bower,*" *a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Bland, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte or Harp, composed* by Mr. Hook. Pr. 1s.

A very neat symphony introduces this song, which, although not conspicuous for novelty in ideas, excites interest by the smooth connection of some melodious periods and the aptness of the harmony supporting the voice. The last page appears to us the most interesting portion of the air; and the employment *(ad libitum)* of the flageolet in the symphonies cannot fail to impart additional effect.

The Minstrel's Serenade, from the celebrated Poem of "*The Lord of the Isles,*" *composed, as a Glee for three Voices,* by W. T. Parke. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The Minstrel's Serenade consists of two movements, and proceeds through its various periods in a manner and under harmonies by no means new in compositions of this description. Among the portions which preferably attracted our attention in the first movement, is the call, "Wake, Maid of Lorn," at the outset; and the respectable bass solo, *p.* 4. The second movement appears to us the best of the two; the melody is spirited, and the piano-forte accompaniment effective. Some metrical inattentions are observable. In the last line of *p.* 2, among others, the word "minstrelsy" ought to have three crotchets' duration, instead of two; and, in *p.* 3, the repetitions of the text produce an awkward dragging of the melody.

"*Merrily, merrily bounds the Bark,*" *Glee for three Voices; the Poetry from* "*The Lord of the Isles,*" *composed* by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Although we perceive in this glee a variety of those harmonic combinations and contrivances which might be expected from the scientific pen of the author, we are free to say, that to us there

appears a want of connection between the phrases and periods; and many of the ideas are not sufficiently developed before they are followed by others: hence an absence of unity in the plan of the composition. In some cases this observation appears to us to apply to even the rhythmical division of the melody. At the outset, for instance *(p. 2)*, the *cæsura*, or close of the first phrase, falls on the *third* crotchet of the second bar; whereas the next phrase concludes with the *first* crotchet of the 8th. This causes an unevenness of measure, which will appear more obvious by subdividing the $\frac{4}{4}$ bars into $\frac{2}{4}$ (in which latter time, indeed, the first phrase seems to us to have been intended). By so doing, it will appear, that the word "*gale*" would fall into the seventh two-fourth bar, instead of the eighth.

Andante, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by Frederic Kalkbrenner. Op. 17. Pr. 3s.

The andante, which forms the basis of this composition, is one of the most beautiful slow movements we are acquainted with; both its melody and harmony are of the most select kind, whether we advert to delicacy of musical feeling, scientific combination, or originality of conception. The second part, above all, is exquisite. The variations throughout are of the same classic stamp. Without enlarging upon the individual merits of every one, we cannot refrain from giving our meed of approbation to No. 2, which proceeds through a succession of admirably disposed broken chords, enriched by an additional inner part, in a masterly manner. The third variation is a model of contrapuntal skill: here again we have to admire the able arrangement of the inner part, which cooperates in the fugued passages; the second part is superlatively clever. The same is the case in var. 4, in which, moreover, we are gratified by some able transitions represented in broken chords. Var. 5 demands unqualified praise, on account of its running bass, the passages of which are devised in a truly original style. The adagio, in the sixth variation, is a sweet movement, proceeding through an uninterrupted flow of the most fascinating melody. The imitative parts at the top of the seventh page impart to it additional interest, and the chromatic cadence *(ll.* 3 and 4*)* leaves nothing to be wished for. Var. 7 consists of a series of chords, broken into semiquavered triplets of inverted motion in bass and treble, and the harmony which their continued action produces is delightful, especially in the ninth page, where, by enharmonic substitution, the author glides from three flats to five sharps, and again extricates himself by the same means.

Three Italian Ariettas, composed for, and dedicated to, the Right Hon. Lady Cranstoun, by P. Antony Corri. Pr. 3s.

The first of these airs, "Te solo adoro," in E b, is attractive by its sweet, and at the same time impressive melody. We notice with approbation the descent by fourths, with the added lower third *(p.* 3, *l.* 1*)*; but the *ascent*, in the same manner, accords less with our ear the further it proceeds. The termination of this song is very elegant.

Arietta II. "E pena troppo barbara," (in A) is a charming little melody, replete with expression and originality; the broken accompaniment has a very pretty effect, and the change of the first period, by which it plaintively merges into C minor, is not only exquisitely delicate in itself, but eminently in unison with the text. The second part ("V'e nel lagnarsi,") is likewise well in character; we observe the neat turn at "tormento" and "tutto," (*l.* 1); and the employment of the extreme sharp sixth at "Sento," (*ll.* 3 and 4) is beautifully in its place. Altogether, this air is as complete a vocal composition as any we know of, of the same extent. No. III. "Se tu nol' sai," in B b, has likewise decided claims to our approbation. The subject is simple and unaffected, and tells the tale well; in the fourth line the harmony does not altogether proceed kindly towards the close in the dominant. The next page merits unqualified commendation; its first period (*ll.* 1 and 2,) is highly pathetic; and the next, in B minor, independently of its aptness to the poetry, is imagined with much feeling and ably contrived. To the amateurs of vocal music, and especially to pupils, these airs cannot too strongly be recommended.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

ITALY.

In our last Retrospect we represented it as still uncertain whether Murat would be rash enough to enter the lists against the mighty power of Austria, because we gave him credit for more prudence than the event has shewn he is possessed of. We may now safely borrow the phrase once used by Bonaparte against the legitimate Queen of Naples, and prophetically exclaim, Murat has ceased to reign!

The conduct of the allies towards this man has received considerable illustration from a correspondence laid before Parliament by the British ministry. We need now no longer wonder at his hesitating and reluctant assistance in the campaign of 1814; for it is proved, by official documents, that, while treating, nay, while apparently co-operating with the Austrian forces on the Po, in the spring of that year, he was in secret correspondence with Bonaparte and his agents; and so continued up to the time that the allies entered Paris, and thereby rendered his treacherous proceedings of no avail. In consequence of this conduct, and at the pressing solicitations of the Bourbon princes on the thrones of France and Spain, who warmly espoused the cause of Ferdinand, their relative, the allied powers determined to deprive Murat of the usurped crown of Naples, and to restore it to the rightful sovereign. This resolution was communicated to Murat by a special messenger from the Congress, just before the landing of Bonaparte in France, and prompted him to defend his throne by the force of arms. Reckoning on the spirit of discontent in Italy, and probably on co-operation or assistance from his Corsican brother-in-law, Murat took the

field against Austria at the end of March last.

The sudden and unexpected re-appearance, however, of Bonaparte in France, produced a wish on the part of the allied powers to reconcile once more an enemy who might divert a great portion of the force destined to act against Bonaparte. Terms were accordingly once more offered to Murat's ministers at Vienna, accepted by them, and by Count Neipperg, expressly sent to the head-quarters of Murat, to apprize him of the new state of things. "It is too late," was the infatuated answer of King Joachim, who had already advanced from Ancona towards Ferrara, at the head of a well-appointed army of at least 35,000 men, formed in three divisions; while another division, of about 8000 men, under General Pignatelli, went by Rome against Florence. A proclamation, bearing date 30th March, was at the same time addressed to the people of Italy, exhorting them to shake off foreign domination, and join the Neapolitan banners of Italian freedom.

The Austrians were not strong enough to make head against Murat's numbers; but the ground they abandoned was well disputed, both in an affair at Cesena on the 30th of March, and in a more serious engagement near Piadena on the 4th of April, which opened to the Neapolitans the road to Bologna, Ferrara, and the Po. On this river the Austrian army, under the chief command of General Frimont, made its stand, favoured by locality and by têtes de pont and entrenchments at Occhio Bello, Borgo Forte, &c.

Meanwhile General Pignatelli's column advanced into Tuscany, and, on the 6th April, entered Florence without a blow, the Austrian General Nugent having the day before withdrawn his corps of about 6000 men, and retired in the direction of Pistoja. He was followed thither by Pignatelli, and successively attacked on the 8th, 10th, and 11th; but he always succeeded in repelling the assailants with very considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, even to the walls of Florence, which city, in consequence of these reverses, was again evacuated by the Neapolitans, and reoccupied by Count Nugent.

Whilst these operations were going on in Tuscany, Murat, with the main army, made sundry demonstrations of moving, at one time westward by Modena, Reggio, and Parma, upon Piacenza, and again northward upon Ferrara. His principal effort, however, was in the latter direction. On the 8th and 9th he made two successive attacks on the tête de pont at Occhio Bello, and was repulsed in both. On the 11th, General Bianchi marched against his left at Carpi, about eight miles north of Modena. The attack on this position was conducted by Count Stahremberg, who, after a long and obstinate struggle, drove out General Pexé, with the loss of 12 officers and 500 men. On the day following, the 12th, the Austrian Generals Neipperg and Mohr attacked the troops under Murat himself, in position opposite Ferrara, drove them off the field, destroyed their works, and pursued them as far as Bologna. In this

action the Neapolitan General Filangieri was mortally wounded. The re-occupation of Modena and Bologna was the immediate result of this success; and Murat's army, after a fortnight's campaign, retraced its steps in haste, and without much order. This retreat, without a previous decisive battle, is accounted for by the disinclination on the part of the Italians to join the pretended standard of liberty held out to them by Murat, and by his fears of the landing of an Anglo-Sicilian army from Sicily, in consequence of Lord Bentinck's declaration, that England, as an ally of Austria, made common cause with that power against the invader.

The Austrian generals lost no time in availing themselves of these simultaneous advantages; they pursued the Neapolitan army with vigour. It had taken up a strong position on the Ronco, which General Neipperg most gallantly forced in the face of the enemy on the 21st April, and compelled him to fall back on Cesena. From this place Murat, by a flag of truce, proposed an armistice, on condition of his re-entering his own frontiers; but all compromise was rejected by the Austrian commander in chief, whose skilful manœuvres have already so far succeeded as to cut off Murat from Rome, and seriously to threaten his communication with Naples itself; for while General Neipperg presses him in front, the corps of Generals Nugent and Bianchi are moving on his flank and even on his rear. By the last accounts, General Bianchi's advanced guard had, on the 27th April, reached Foligno, about three days' march from Ancona; while, on the same day, Murat's head-quarters were still at Pesaro, due north of the former place. His situation, therefore, is extremely critical, and likely to be rendered more desperate by the expected landing of an Anglo-Sicilian force on the coast of Naples, to command which General Nugent has been dispatched from Tuscany, the theatre of his gallant exploits. In Sicily every nerve is straining to co-operate in the liberation of Naples, a treaty having, according to recent intelligence, been concluded between King Ferdinand and the court of Vienna, by which the restoration of the kingdom of Naples is guaranteed to him.

The conduct of the inhabitants of the different states of Italy, durring Murat's offensive operations, reflects credit on their good sense. Unpopular as we believe the Austrian government to be with them, they still shewed that they preferred it to the dominion of an upstart, sprung from the lowest origin, and stained with the blood of the Duke of Enghien and of thousands of the citizens of Madrid, whom he boasted to have butchered on the famous 2d of May. The steadiness of the Italians, in circumstances so critical, may also be attributed to the favourable change in their political situation, opportunely effected by Austria. By a proclamation of the Emperor Francis, dated 14th April, his Italian states of Lombardy and Venice, as far as Lago Maggiore, the river Ticino, and the Po, together with part of the territory of Mantua, on the right bank of the latter river, the province of the Valteline, and

the counties of Chiavenna and Bormio, are incorporated with the Austrian dominions as an independent kingdom, under the title of the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice. They will be divided into two governments, of which Milan and Venice are to be the two capitals; and be governed by a viceroy. The iron crown and the order with that title are to be retained, and the Archduke John is reported as having been selected for the viceregal dignity.

FRANCE.

The constitutional charter of Napoleon, bearing date the 22d April, has been made public. It consists of sixty-seven articles, and its provisions are, in substance, perfectly the same as those contained in the charter of Louis XVIII. the government being divided between the executive, a Chamber of Peers, and a Chamber of Deputies. The principal objection, therefore, lies against its durability: for should the allies not consign it to destruction along with its author, it is far too mild and liberal to be compatible with the character and the ambitious views of the tyrant, and not to be subverted by himself in a short time. The last, and only article probably which he intends adhering to, is the total abolition of the Bourbon dynasty and of the ancient nobility. On this ground we should deem it a waste of time and paper to enter into any detail of its stipulations. Its adoption was to have been submitted to a committee of the electoral colleges, who are to assemble on the Champ de Mai on the 26th May, and who were there to have chosen the deputies for the lower chamber. Even this primary disposition has already been overruled by the ruler of the destinies of the great nation: owing to the pressure of circumstances, the deputies are now to be chosen immediately in the departments, and to repair, ready made, to the Champ de Mai, to heighten the stage effect of the show.

In the mean time minor political bubbles have been launched, to serve as examples worthy of the imitation of all Frenchmen. The loyal youths of Britanny have entered into a federative compact for the support of the Napoleon dynasty and of the newly hatched constitution, both which they have pledged themselves to defend with their precious French blood against all foreign and internal opposition; and in Paris, the inhabitants of the suburbs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau (the St. Giles's gentry of Paris), have offered their services to the imperial dictator, who graciously accepted of the same.

The Duke of Augouleme embarked at Cette on the 16th April, and on the 18th landed at Barcelona, with a numerous train of officers faithful to their oaths towards their legitimate king. A narrative of his Royal Highness's short campaign in the south of France, published by authority, only proves that the courage and judgment displayed in his efforts were, as every where else, neutralized by the treachery of the military.—Grouchy, who by these means succeeded in putting an end to that contest, has been created a marshal of the empire, for terminating the civil war in France. His reward, we think, was somewhat

premature; for to judge merely by the admissions of the government itself, there is scarcely a province which is not at this moment agitated by insurrectionary movements of the most serious nature. At Bourdeaux sanguinary scenes have taken place in the first days of May, which compelled Clausel to save and defend himself in the barracks with artillery; at Lyons, Dijon, Rennes, Dieppe, Lisle, &c. similar riots in favour of the Bourbons have recently occurred, and La Vendée is up in arms. At Amiens, the national guard has, in a public address, expressed its attachment to Louis XVIII. and its abhorrence of the government of the usurper; and a similar document from the national guards at Rouen is before us. The emigrations of officers and others from France to England and the Low Countries are so numerous, that it has been determined to form a royalist legion, which is now collecting between Brussels and Ghent, at which latter place Louis XVIII. still continues. Two proclamations to the French recently issued by his majesty against the rebel government, appear to have spread widely over France, since, in several distant departments, persons in possession of them have been arrested by the police.

In this alarming state of internal ferment, it was no longer deemed prudent to continue the assumed disguise of mildness. Fouché having, in a report to Bonaparte, called his attention to the disturbers of the public tranquillity, and to the secret machinations of the enemies of the existing order of things, an imperial decree was on the 9th May issued against the abettors of the Bourbon cause, requiring those absent with the king to return within one month, and enacting various punishments against persons holding correspondence with the Bourbons, tearing down the tri-coloured flag, wearing any but the tri-coloured badge, &c.

It is, however, not only against the royalists that the rebel government has already to struggle; the Jacobins too are raising their voice in the capital, as well as in the provinces; and to offend a faction, whose heads form the bulk of his ministry, is an experiment too dangerous for Napoleon to think of at present.

A situation like his, therefore, would be perplexing enough to the tyrant, were there no foes from without to threaten his very existence; what it will be when the storm which is gathering abroad bursts over his head, we may easily anticipate. He appears fully sensible of the dangers which surround him, and his exertions to meet them on all sides are such as might be expected from so active a mind. The army, as the main pillar of the rebel edifice, is augmenting by every means in his power, force not even excepted. Eight armies, or corps of observation, are forming: the army of the north at Valenciennes; the army of the Moselle at Mentz; the army of the Rhine at Strasburg; a corps of observation of the Jura at Befort; the army of the Alps at Chambery; a corps of observation of the Var at Antibes; a corps of observation of the Pyrennees, partly at Perpignan, and partly at Bourdeaux; and the

army of reserve at Paris and Laon. The principal fortresses have been put into a state of siege, and many cities are strengthened by entrenchments and artillery. Paris itself is fortifying at this moment by lines and batteries, which are to contain 300 pieces of cannon, and volunteer partizan corps are endeavoured to be organized in all the frontier departments, although the only remuneration held out for their services, the booty they may take, is not likely to allure many recruits. The corps of Mamelukes too is reorganizing. Of the few marshals who did not follow Louis XVIII. it does not appear that any one is intrusted with an active command over any of the abovementioned corps d'armée, except it be the villain Ney; respecting whom, however, a report prevails, that owing to his assuming too high a language with Bonaparte, the latter has ordered him to retire to his estates.

Soult has been nominated the emperor's major-general; Massena is continued in his command of the eighth military division in the south of France, a post of comparative unimportance. To exhibit the conduct of this despicable villain in a striking view, we will encroach so much on our limits as to subjoin two recent proclamations of his, issued within the space of twenty-six days. It may serve as a specimen of Gallic constancy of character. *Ab uno disce omnes!*

TWO PROCLAMATIONS OF MASSENA.

15th March, 1815.

Inhabitants of Marseilles! his Royal Highness the Duke of Angouleme has deigned to apprize me of his arrival at Nismes, and of his intention of visiting the faithful city of Marseilles in a few days. The sentiments which you expressed for the best of kings with so much zeal, will equally manifest themselves at the sight of his illustrious nephew, the son of that beloved prince whose presence not long ago excited such joy among you. He will receive from you the pledges and indubitable tokens of devotion and fidelity which circumstances call for, and with which your hearts have at all times been penetrated. By your confidence in your leaders and your magistrates, who, sharing all your sentiments, are ready to sacrifice themselves with you for the defence of the throne, and the

10th April, 1815.

Inhabitants of the eighth military division! an event, as happy as it is extraordinary, has restored to us the monarch of our choice, the great Napoleon.

This ought to be a day of rejoicing to all Frenchmen.

He has re-ascended his throne without shedding a drop of blood.

He has returned into the bosom of a family that loves him.

Frenchmen! there is not a town in the empire in which some monument does not proclaim his acts of beneficence.

Let us praise Heaven, that has sent him back to us.

cause of the legitimate monarch, our strength will augment itself, and public tranquillity be secured. Surely you will spurn the insidious snares of some agitators, who by their illusions would destroy the harmony which subsists between the brave national guards and the troops of the line. Their criminal designs shall be defeated; no one will be able to excite discord among you. The citizen and the soldier know but one sentiment, but one rallying word. At the peril of our lives we will defend the throne of our good king, Louis XVIII.—*Vive le Roi!*

(Signed) Marshal MASSENA.

Marseilles, 15th March, 1815.

In him the soldier beholds again the hero who constantly led him to victory.

Arts and sciences have again found their protector.

Let us put up our ardent prayers for the preservation of his throne and his dynasty. *Vive l'Empereur!*

(Signed) Marshal MASSENA.

Toulon, 10th April, 1815.

The return to Paris of Lucien Bonaparte (Prince of Canino), and the apparent cordial reception he met with from Napoleon, is an event so singular that we cannot in any manner account for it. He left Rome when the Pope fled from it at the approach of Murat's army. After having so many years kept himself separate and aloof from his brother, and after having spurned at receiving any favours from him, when in the height of prosperity, it would be extraordinary indeed if now, that Napoleon's situation is so unpromising, he should volunteer to share the desperate fortunes of his brother. Is he come, perhaps, with the fraternal desire to save him, if possible, from the precipice on which he has placed himself? Another portion of the Bonaparte family, viz. "Madame Mère," the Princess Borghese (Pauline), and Madame Bacchiochi (Elise) with her husband, have been taken up at Elba, where Napoleon had left them to their fate, and conveyed to the Hungarian fortress of Mongatz. Eugene Beauharnois has had Bayreuth, in Germany, assigned to him for his residence during the war.

GERMANY AND THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

The grand federative compact against the person of Bonaparte, entered into at Vienna, on the 25th March, by Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, cursorily adverted to in our last, has since been ratified by these four powers. England, however, has added a rider, in explanation of the eighth article, which provides that the King of France is to be invited to accede to the treaty. This addition stipulates, that the said article is not to be understood as a pledge on the part of England, to impose any particular government upon France, however anxious she feels for the restoration of Louis XVIII. The other powers having concurred in this limitation, the treaty has since been ratified, and the accession thereto obtained of the King of France, on the condition agreed

to by all parties, that the integrity of France should be preserved according to the treaty of Paris.

Of the allied forces, the greatest part are on their respective posts on the French frontier. The Russian troops, the total of which will amount to upwards of 200,000 men, from the length of their march, are naturally the most in arrear; but they are at this moment traversing Germany with all speed under General Barclay de Tolly, and their advanced guard has already reached the Rhine. Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal will likewise join their quota to this great coalition of all Europe; 16,000 Portuguese being destined to act in Flanders under Lord Wellington. Spain is assembling an army in Catalonia, under General Castanos; another is forming in Navarre, under General O'Donnel; and an army of reserve is collecting at Saragossa, under Palafox. That Ferdinand VII. is hearty in the Antinapoleon cause, his treatment at the hands of Bonaparte might alone warrant us in taking for granted; but a document recently published puts it beyond a doubt. In a treaty entered into by his father, Charles IV. on the 4th March last, he, among other stipulations, accedes to the payment of an annual pension to the latter of twelve millions of reals, to his enjoying the regal titles and prerogatives, and to his residing in any part of Europe, except where Bonaparte and Murat rule.

The Prussian troops are now chiefly in the line assigned to them, between the Sambre and Moselle; and Prince Blücher, their commander in chief, has his head-quarters at Liege, in which city a serious disturbance arose, 2d and 3d May, among some battalions of the Saxons troops, owing to an intention of incorporating such of them with the Prussian army as belonged to Saxon provinces now made over to Prussia. After various excesses, and insulting Prince Blücher himself, they were reduced to order by the arrival of some Prussian regiments marched to the rear, and partly disarmed. The ring-leaders were executed.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington are at Enghien. His army, including Hanoverians and Belgians, amounts to 80,000 men, and is ready to advance on the first signal. His grace, it is stated, has submitted to the allied powers a comprehensive plan of the intended campaign, which they have agreed to pursue.

The Archduke Charles, who has been appointed governor of Mentz, and of the countries in that quarter left of the Rhine, has arrived in that city and entered upon his administrative functions. The active army of Austria on the Rhine will be commanded by Prince Schwarzenberg, that of Bavaria by Prince Wrede, and that of Wurtemberg by the gallant Prince Royal of Wurtemberg.

The Helvetic Diet, rejecting the pressing invitations of Napoleon to remain neutral in the impending struggle, has declared its adherence to the cause of Europe, and ordered an army of 48,000 men to be assembled for the defence of the country. Its head-quarters are at Morat, and it comprises the regiments lately in the service of France, who, on the invasion of

Bonaparte, refused to serve under his colours. The substance of the convention concluded by the allied powers at the Congress, relative to Switzerland, has been published in the French papers. The integrity of the nineteen cantons, such as they existed at the period of the convention of the 29th December, 1813, is recognised as the basis of th federative compact of Switzerland; the territories of Vaud, Geneva, and Neufchatel, will form three new cantons; the bishopric of Basle, with the town and territory of Bienne, will, with the exception of certain districts assigned to the canton of Basle, belong to the canton of Berne.

UNITED STATES.

The creation of a navy on the part of the Americans is a direct, and for England most obnoxious, consequence of the late war. Congress have determined upon the question of the expediency of forming a navy; and, with that view, a bill has passed the legislature for appointing a navy board. The armament against Algiers is not yet completed; it will consist of two seventy-fours, five frigates, and ten sl ops, carrying 2000 troops.

DOMESTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Duchess of Angouleme arrived in London from Spain on the 21st April.

The bill for the renewal of the property tax act has passed both Houses of Parliament. The tax will be 10 per cent. on all property and income, as before; and operate from the 5th of April last, as if it never had ceased.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales arrived at Genoa 26th April, on her return home.

The British forces in the East Indies have sustained a check and severe loss in an unsuccessful attack upon the fort of Kalunga, in the Nepaul country, which took place on the 31st October last. Major-General Gillespie, who commanded the expedition, fell in the assault, as did several officers and a great number of men; the total of the killed, wounded, and missing, amounting to nearly 300 men.

SOME ACCOUNT OF FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI.

By WILLIAM CAREY.

THIS celebrated artist was born on the 25th of September, 1728, in Florence. His parents were natives of that city, in which their ancestors had been long settled; and his father, Gaetano Bartolozzi, a goldsmith and worker in filigree, at first designed to bring him up to his own business; but observing his drawings from prints which chance had thrown in his way, he encouraged him to pursue his inclination. The young Francesco continued his favourite amusement, and some copies with a pen, from prints by Giacomo Frey, shewed the correctness of his eye and his extraordinary improvement. He even made an attempt with the graver when only nine years old; and two heads engraved in his tenth year were specimens of his precocious ability. The impressions are extremely rare, but there is one of each in the fine collection of M. Villeneule at Vienna.

In order to indulge the bent of his genius, his father, struck with the merit of his uninstructed efforts, changed his first intention of bringing him up to the business of a goldsmith, and placed him, in his fifteenth year, as a pupil under Ignazio Hugford, an historical painter of small ability, who was settled at Florence. Although that artist was a native of England, it is not certain whether any of his works have reached this country. His name is mentioned by Fuseli in the Dictionary of Painters, "merely that no trace of English art may be lost, rather than for any merit of his own." That biographer adds, "He painted in *a tolerable style* an altar-piece in the church of St. Felicita at Florence, and there are some small things of his in the ducal collection. The rest of his pictures, at the Vallombrosa of Forli and at Florence, are weak. He has been noticed for his sagacity in distinguishing the hands of different artists." He died in 1778, aged 75 years.

The question, whether an indifferent artist can be a good teacher, is easily determined. It is unwise to expect wine from an empty vessel. The man who has sought for and missed the path, can be no sure guide; and he who has spent his life in study to no purpose, is disqualified from directing the studies of another. Bartolozzi owed his rapid improvement under Hugford to his own assiduity and genius. It was his good fortune to be associated in his studies with Giovanni Batista Cipriani, another young Florentine, who afterwards rose to distinguished celebrity in his profession. The conformity of their years and genius, with their pursuit of a common object, rendered their association a source of pleasure, emulation, and advantage. A friendship was cemented between them, which lasted for life; and from the character of his works, it is probable, that, if the name of their master be rescued from oblivion, he owes that escape to the notice of Fuseli, and the honour of having had Bartolozzi and Cipriani for his pupils.

Bartolozzi's progress under Hugford was marked by diligent application. He studied anatomy, the living model, and the antique, with unabated earnestness. His drawings from the human figure were distinguished for their good taste. He shewed a vein of invention, and his essays in design were evidences of warm feeling and a rigid attention to truth of form.

When he had made a due proficiency in drawing, he began to paint in oil colours. From his master he had more to dread than to learn; but what was deficient at home he supplied by carefully examining the best altar-pieces in the churches, and comparing the different styles of the great masters, in private collections. The interchange of observations, on these occasions, with his able fellow-student, afforded an opportunity of mutual benefit. He continued his anatomical studies, and his studies from the life and the antique, without relaxation, after he had begun to practise painting in oil. He drew the bones and muscles, and spared no pains to acquire a knowledge of the human figure. To this important end he directed his chief attention; from

a conviction, that upon it must depend the ultimate success or failure of his great object in life.—He was not satisfied with knowing, and being able verbally to describe the bones and insertion, form, swell, and fall of the muscles, in all their varieties of action and repose: this, in that particular branch of study, may be sufficient for a surgeon, but not for a painter. A painter may possess all this *verbal* fluency; but unless he possess the same power of description on his canvas or paper, he is only the proprietor of a *speechless pencil*, and, like a *dumb linguist*, is incapable in his art. Bartolozzi anxiously endeavoured to make his theoretical and practical acquisitions keep pace. He used his portcrayon and pencil as his professional organs of speech, and practised incessantly, until they were capable of describing all he knew. What he wanted in firmness of hand, he made up in good taste; and, by continuing to draw the parts separately, and then the whole figure, he at length made considerable advances to his object. By comparing the forms in his drawings from the living model, with the ancient statues, he learned to distinguish faults in individual nature, and to correct them in his transcripts. He stored his mind with materials for design by noting, in his sketch-book, the countenances and figures which struck him in the streets and in company; and the practice of drawing from recollection increased his freedom of execution. That union of facility and correctness, which charms like the union of extemporaneous eloquence and truth, forms a predominant feature in his works.

Impressions in boyhood are deep and lasting. The prints in Jacob Catt's emblems had a great effect in determining Sir Joshua Reynolds, when eight years old, to pursue the practice of drawing and become a painter. The chance prints of Giacomo Frey had a similar effect upon Bartolozzi, at the same age; and the contemplation of the antique, under Hugford, formed his taste and dictated the mode of his practice. His love of the antique grew with his years: to this attachment may be traced the lively sense of grace and beauty visible even in his early drawings. Florence might then have been termed a repository of ancient statues, fine casts, and copies by the most celebrated sculptors from the time of Donatello. From such objects of study as the Apollo, the Antinous, and young Bacchus, and from the class of the Diana and Venus, he acquired his conception of the highest order of forms. His discriminative eye looked beyond the fine forms which he copied, to the principle that had produced them. He endeavoured to make that principle of the ancient sculptors his own, which consists in the graceful accord of all the members, and the fitness of the whole to the intended passion, action, and character. This symmetry, which constituted their rule, on whatever scale the figure rose, is equally visible in the Hercules and Venus: with it, an Hercules is colossal on a gem; without it, the figures of Lanfranco, although twenty feet high, are pigmies in the eye of judgment.

His ideas of character and expression may also be traced to the

antique busts, of which so many originals and fine casts were accessible to the Florentine students. The Neptune and Jupiter, so often contemplated and drawn in every view, impressed his mind with their divine majesty. He spoke of these heads and his early course of study, nearly forty years after, with all the fire of a young attachment. Artists, even upon this high ground, have their preferences. The contour and expression of the Niobe influenced Guido's style, and frequently occurred in his compositions. The deep pathos of that fine head and of the Laocoon were not lost upon Bartolozzi: his reflections on the grand style of beauty in the former, and the tender graces of the latter, contributed, in due season, to give a blended charm of sensibility, elegance, and purity to his characters.

The facial lines of the antique heads, without their spirit, are to be found in the works of many painters; but the principle by which the ancient sculptors regulated expression, was, in different degrees, discoverable, without a servile imitation of their facial lines, in the designs of Bartolozzi from an early period. As Titian and all great colourists excluded *positive* colours from their pictures, because the glare of raw unbroken tints is incompatible with tone, and destructive of harmony in colouring; so the ancients rejected that unmitigated degree of expression which exhibits an extreme movement of the passions, because that extreme movement is productive of disorder in the facial lines, incompatible with harmony of expression, and hostile to the highest aims of art. Their expression of the passions was mitigated or toned, and governed by this principle of harmony, which also formed their rule in action, proportion, and attitude. Jouvenet and many other painters of the old French Academy, who saw with their eyes only, without distinguishing forms from the principles to which they owed their beauty, by attempting to give expression, colouring, and action their extreme force, weakened their effect. In Raphael's compositions there is nothing in the extreme. The principle of harmony in particulars first engaged the attention of Bartolozzi; it was discernible in the trite religious subjects among his early designs. Some time later it was more obvious, even in his incorrect, slight drawings, of which, although the forms were only marked in, the outlines shewed a degree of elegance and flowing grace. As certain subjects are more suitable to this principle, the classic taste, which he had formed upon the antique, influenced his choice of subjects; and, at length, this enchanting harmony, in its broad sense, including a mitigated movement in *chiaro-scuro*, form, action, and expression, became the prevailing charm in his fanciful groups and designs from ancient allegory and poetical fiction.

To count the footsteps of a general is not the best method of writing his military history; nor does a list of private anecdotes unfold the genius of a painter. The spirit of an artist is to be found in his works, which have frequently little connection with the occurrences of his private life; and, as his modes of study form the ladder

by which he ascended, every light which can be thrown upon that important point is of service in pointing out the means of success to others.

In attempting to distinguish those early mental impressions which contributed to form Bartolozzi's style, much must be derived from a critical examination of his designs. It is not absolutely necessary, in tracing a painter to the origin of his primary conceptions, to have had ocular evidence of his progressive acts of study. Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael died in the year 1520, when Giorgio Vasari, the historian of their style, was only four years old. There have been few eminent artists whose practice has not been influenced by an early attachment to some exemplars. Centuries after their death, the head of a school is traced in his followers, and their relation, as cause and effect, is an admitted deduction from resemblance. The antique torso is discoverable in many of Michael Angelo's compositions, and in designing the human figure it was constantly in his mind. Nicolo Poussin rarely lost sight of that noble fragment. The heads of the Trajan pillar are to be found in Le Brun's battles; and the figures of the celebrated cartoon of Pisa are discoverable in the works of almost every succeeding historical painter. The *Young Warrior*, in Dance's *Timon*, has been considered a skilful adaptation from Titian's *Triumph of Fame*; and the source of Reynolds's judicious adaptations has been discriminated in various schools.

The causes which induced Bartolozzi's parents again to change their intention as to his future profession, are not very certain; the opulence of the engravers and print-sellers in Rome and Venice, had probably a principal share in their determination. After having successfully prosecuted his studies in painting and design for three years under Hugford, his father withdrew him from that master, and articled him for a term of six years, as a pupil, to Joseph Wagner, at Venice, who was esteemed one of the best historical engravers of that city.

Wagner, who was a native of Switzerland, possessed a share of natural taste, and had originally studied painting under Jacopo Amiconi, a Venetian, one of the flimsy, fluent mannerists of that day. On the failure of encouragement as a painter, he applied himself to engraving, and obtained reputation and wealth ,as an engraver and print-seller. He carried on an extensive trade, and found a ready market in Germany, Italy, and France. His mode of hatching his prints was mellow, open, and tasteful; his light was broad and clear, and his effect very pleasing. He had formed his manner upon the fine style of Giacomo Frey; but, as he had not Frey's knowledge of the human figure, and never divested himself of Amiconi's vitiated and incorrect manner of marking the heads and extremities, his prints, with the exception of his *Cain flying from the Wrath of the Avenger*, after Benedetto Luti's picture, and a few others, are deficient in truth and solidity.

Bartolozzi, beside his attempts with the graver in his ninth and tenth years, had also made some at-

tempts on copper prior to and after his commencement under Hugford. The most important of these untutored efforts were copies from the four circles, engraved by Giacomo Frey, after pictures by Domenichino. The decline of historical painting in Italy was not favourable to his improvement; as, instead of being employed to engrave after the works of the great masters, he was principally employed by Wagner to work from second or third-rate, and even inferior pictures. He engraved a number of prints after the pictures and designs of Guarana, Zocchi, Amiconi, Zais, Fontebasso, Piazzetta, Sebastian and Marco Ricci, Pellegrini, Bellucci, and Balestra. He also engraved after Gabbiani and Carlo Maratta. He soon acquired a mastery of the graver, and the correctness, freedom, and grace of his execution were universally admired. His prints never failed to preserve the true spirit and distinct character of the master from whom he copied; and of this versatile power his noble print of *Rome rescued from Brennus by Camillus*, after Sebastian Ricci, and his landscapes after Zuccarelli, are felicitous examples.

He pursued his studies from the antique and living model, at every opportunity, during his stay with Wagner; he also continued to design, and engraved after many of his own drawings. Of his oil pictures it is here difficult to adduce any opinion beyond vague report. It is probable, as he did not continue to paint for any length of time, that they are infrequent in Italy. In England they are so rare as not to admit of any critical remark on them in this article. It is not certain whether his friends in this country possess any specimens of his performance in that style, but there is a competent authority for mentioning, that there are two of his oil pictures now in the collection of M. Von der Null at Vienna. He painted some miniature portraits in water-colours, with delicacy, force, and lively resemblance. His drawings and designs which he made at that period, and afterwards, are to be found in classic collections. They were generally on white paper, delicately stumped and handled over in black and red chalks, and sometimes heightened in the carnations with a tinge of crayons. They prove his successful study in drawing boys and the naked female figure. His groups of this class possess a never-failing charm; a flowing elegance of contour, joyous expression, the smiles of youth and beauty, and the sparkling grace of sportive innocence and childhood.

Shortly after his term of six years with Wagner had expired, he married a young Venetian lady, named Lucia Ferro, of a good family. He took his bride to Rome, and resided there for some time, during which he engraved, among other plates, his fine prints from the life of St. Nilus, after the pictures by Domenico Zampieri, in the chapel of the Grotto Torrato. He also engraved on copper a set of painters' heads, for a new edition of Vasari, in imitation of the wood prints in the original edition. His eldest son, Gaetano, now an artist in Great Titchfield-street, London, was born during his stay at Rome. After his return to Venice he con-

tinued to engrave for himself and the print-sellers; and spread his reputation all over Europe by the fine taste, correctness, and beauty of his works. His noble series of prints after the drawings of Guercino, united the fire of a painter's etchings with the firmness and precision of a regular engraver, and left him without a competitor in excellence or fame. In 1764, Dalton, the king's librarian, who had been sent to Italy on a royal commission, returned to England, bringing with him Bartolozzi, as an enviable acquisition to the fine arts in this country.

Dalton had the good fortune to engage him to engrave for him, for 300*l.* per annum. Owing to her delicate state of health, Mrs. Bartolozzi and her son remained for some time with their friends in Venice; but Vitalba, one of his pupils, accompanied him to this country. His former fellow-student, Cipriani, had arrived in England with Sir William Chambers, about four years before; and Bartolozzi, on coming up to London, took lodgings in the same house with that artist, in Warwick-street, Golden-square. His earliest work of importance here, was the noble series of prints from the drawings by Guercino, in the royal collection, which Dalton published. At the end of about two years his engagement with that gentleman closed; and he began to engrave for himself and the print-sellers.

The late Mr. Boydell, to whom the British schools of painting and engraving are so largely indebted, was then giving employment to Woollet, and the best engravers in this country, and he engaged Bartolozzi to engrave for him some of his most capital prints. *The Venus, Cupid and Satyr*, from Luca Giordano; *The Silence*, from Annibal Caracci; *Orlando rescuing Olympia from the Orca in the Island of Ebuda*, and that superb performance *The Clytie*, from the same master; *The Mother and Child*, from Cipriani; *Lady and Child*, from Sasso Ferrato; *The Virgin and Child*, and *Mater Dolorosa*, from Carlo Dolci; *Vandyke's Wife and Child*, from Vandyke; and *Mary Queen of Scotland and her Son James I.* from Zucchero, were all engraved for the last-mentioned print-seller. He also engraved some other excellent prints for that publisher. In 1769, on the fortunate institution of the Royal Academy of painting and sculpture, he had the honour of being enrolled as a painter and designer among its original members.

Ryland and Picot had, about the period of Bartolozzi's arrival here, introduced the stippling manner of engraving into this country. There are specimens of stippling nearly two hundred years old, but the manner had fallen into disuse. Demarteau, a man of great ability, in whose school they had learned it in Paris, had successfully employed that mode, to engrave prints in imitation of the chalk sketches and academy figures of Boucher and Vanloo. It was thence called *the red chalk manner*; and the French artist, who was himself a clever draftsman, produced mellow, bold, and faithful imitations of the original drawings. Ryland employed the stippling to engrave elaborate prints from the finished paintings of Angelica Kauffman; who, in

her turn, patronized the newly introduced mode of engraving to the utmost of her power. The red chalk manner became the fashionable rage, and painters, print-sellers, and engravers were hurried into compliance. Bartolozzi was loaded with commissions, and he stippled many hundred prints from the works of Angelica, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cipriani, Fuseli, Cosway, Stothardt, and almost every other painter and designer in this country.

The volume of gems from the antique, for the Duke of Marlborough; the matchless series of musical benefit tickets in line engraving from Cipriani; the diploma for the Royal Academy; the set of prints for the edition of Tasso; the series of engravings from Guercino; and the noble prints which he engraved for Boydell, rank among his most capital productions: but it would require a volume* to go into a detail of his beauties. His certainty as a draftsman enabled him to unite an astonishing facility with correctness; and his prints are supposed to amount to 2700, of which there are upwards of 2000 brilliant impressions in the superb collection of M. Von der Nüll at Vienna. Mr. Molteno, of Pall-Mall, has also a splendid collection of his works.

In 1801, the French government determined to invite Bartolozzi to France, and settle a pension upon him, with a residence. The breaking out of the war before Bartolozzi had time to determine, prevented the plan from being carried into execution. On the 2d of Nov. 1802, after having flourished nearly thirty-eight years in England, in his seventy-fifth year, he embarked for Lisbon, on an invitation from the Prince Regent of Portugal, to reside in his capital, and to instruct four pupils to be appointed by the prince. For this, his Royal Highness engaged to pay him a pension of 170*l.* per annum for life, and to give him a suitable residence, with the produce of all his works and those of his pupils. After the flight of the Prince Regent to the Brazils, and the possession of Lisbon by the French army, the French General Junot and his officers paid Bartolozzi a marked attention. That commander not only continued to pay him his pension, but presented him the sum of 2000 crusadoes out of his own purse, in compensation for a loss sustained by the interruption of a work which he had been engraving for the booksellers in Madrid, before the revolution in Spain.

Although so far advanced in years when he quitted England, he continued to instruct his pupils, and to engrave and design, for more than twelve years after his arrival in Lisbon. Through all the disadvantages of time, his fine taste shone to the last in his performances. In 1814, he determined to return to England; but after having had his passport forwarded to him by his son, Mr. Gaetano Bartolozzi, he changed his mind. A change, which struck a damp in every part of Europe, soon followed. On the 7th of March, 1815, this illustrious artist expired, like an exhausted taper, after a short and easy illness, in the 87th year of his age; leaving

* A critical analysis of his style is preparing for a future communication.

behind him a fame which can only perish with the world itself. Mrs. Bartolozzi, who has been blind for many years, is still living abroad; but of their several sons and daughters, their eldest son above-mentioned is the only survivor.

VIEW *of the most complete* COLLECTION *of* FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI'*s* WORKS, *collected by Himself, and referred to in the preceding Account, containing his first Essays in Florence, Rome, Venice, and all his Engravings in London, classed according to their Subjects, fixed upon coloured paper, in 44 vols. folio.*

Volumes	Total of Prints		Impression Originals.	Various Proofs.	Various Etchings.
No.		HIS WORKS IN ITALY.			
1	343	First works in Florence and Rome, proofs and etchings, very rare, most of them unknown . .	291	43	9
2	195	Italian engravings at Venice, ditto, ditto	142	53	
3	105	The continuation of them, ditto, ditto	67	37	1
	643	Total of the Italian engrs. forming	500	133	10
		HIS WORKS IN LONDON.			
4	107	Etchings after Guercino . . .	75	31	1
5	129	Continuation of them, Cozen's designs of beauty, Pergolesi's decorations	104	20	5
6	100	Poetry and novels, large plates .	32	52	16
7 *a*	95	Portraits, in folio . . .	26	46	23
7 *b*	98	Portraits, in quarto, and conversation	32	41	25
8 *a*	101	Mythology and Allegory . .	27	55	19
8 *b*	100	Allegory and Emblems . .	32	45	23
9 *a*	101	History of England . . .	26	50	25
9 *b*	97	History, ancient and modern .	27	51	19
10	117	Continuation, figures in landscape	44	52	21
11	98	Designs, fans, various subjects after Leonardo da Vinci . .	51	30	17
12	145	Titles and tail-pieces of books, music, &c. &c.	67	30	48
13	77	Macklin's poets . . .	26	34	17
14	93	Various subjects, Tresham's Shakspeare	48	32	13
15	61	The largest engravings, the Death of Lord Chatham . . .	17	29	15
16	62	Idem, various subjects, strokes and dots, Captain Cook, &c. . .	19	31	12
17	94	Holbein's Heads, smaller volumes	39	47	8
18	95	Ditto, continuation, idem . .	51	20	24
19	100	Historical portraits, idem . .	30	52	18
20	100	Frontispieces of music and books, continuation of vol. XII. . .	44	39	17
21	95	Portraits of celebrated men, ditto of vol. VII. *a*	37	44	14
22	120	Portraits of learned men and artists, vol. VII. *b*	52	58	10

Volumes	Total of Prints.		Impression Originals.	Various Proofs.	Various Etchings.
No.		HIS WORKS IN LONDON—*continued*			
23	103	Ladies and female artists, vol. VII. *b*	38	52	13
24	96	Religion and Maternal Love .	26	58	12
25	96	Emblematical portraits, vol. VIII. *b*	31	53	12
26	121	Fine arts, Virtues, continuation of Emblems, vol. VIII. *b*. and XXV.	42	65	14
27	84	Poetry and novels, vol. VI. . .	28	47	9
28	96	Designs, various, strokes and dots, continuation of vol. XI. . .	40	35	21
29	103	Mythology, vol. VIII. *a* . . .	31	51	21
30	80	Allegory, Emblems, vol. VIII. *b* .	20	44	16
31	99	Frontispieces of books, vol. XII. .	41	49	9
32	108	Titles and tail-pieces, vol. XII. .	49	36	23
33	128	Tickets for music, &c. medals of the Kings of Macedonia . .	50	67	11
34	128	Tickets, visit-cards . . .	68	53	7
	90	Children playing and conversation	33	41	16
	146	Various subjects engraved under Bartolozzi's direction . . .			
37	54	A vase, busts, and gems . .	24	17	13
38	51	Marlborough gems with text, vol. I. rare impressions . . .	51		
39	60	Ditto, without text, vol. I. incomplete, proofs		52	8
40	52	Ditto, with text, vol. II. rare impressions	52		
41	67	Ditto, without text, vol. II. complete, proofs		54	13
	24	Various large prints separate .	3	12	9
	4614	Engravings, contained in 44 volumes, with Bartolozzi's name . .	2033	1808	627
		Various proofs and variations	1808		
		Various etchings and variations	627		
		Total	4468		
		The above volume 36 added, the prints under his direction . .	146		
		Total of engravings	4614		

To this collection are joined upwards of 160 sketches and drawings by Barto- ᐧd various celebrated English artists.

above collection is the property of Mons. Von der Nüll, at Vienna; ther particulars respecting it may be known of Mr. Ackermann, 101 d.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat crop, although much forwarder than is usual in this climate, is universally good upon every kind of soil; but the best wheat-bearing lands are covered with a luxuriant dark verdure, which at all times indicates a full crop.

Barley, from the timely showers that have successively fallen, immediately after the seed was sown, has come up well together, producing a full regular crop, which is at this time finely on the curl.

Oats have come up strong and thick even upon lands that are in an indifferent state of agriculture.

Beans, peas, and all the leguminous tribe, are v ry promis and free from slug and fly.

The whole of the soiling spec are very forward, and a remark full crop. A spring m re pro tive of every kind of green has not occurred for many years.

Hay-time has commenced in t neighbourhood of London with full crop of grass. The cl vers all the artificial grasses in the c try never were more abundant; from the late dark and weather, the turnip fallows a foul and backward state.

The orchards, in some distric have suffered considerably from t larva of a fly.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 28.—BALL DRESS.

A FROCK of French figured gauze, worn over a slip of white satin; the frock trimmed at the feet with a deep flounce of blond lace, and decorated with wreaths of lilac; the fronts of the body ornmented with a cope of blond lace; short full sleeve, trimmed to correspond. Stockings of elastic silk. Slippers white silk or kid. Gloves French kid, drawn over the elbow. Hair in irregular curls, blended with a wreath of lilac.

PLATE 29.—CARRIAGE DRESS

White satin pelisse, richly or mented at the feet with cluste leaves made in white twilled net, headed with tull; open fr trimmed to the bottom of with a superb shell trimm white satin ribbon and tull; l unconfined sleeve, with corres ing trimming at the hand. posed of white satin an a plume of feathers of the green. Half-boots of similar lour. Gloves *en suite*.